THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

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NOTICE.

We have the pleasure of informing our readers and the general public that on the 4th of January, 1879, *The Examiner*, which enters on its *seventy-first* year, will revert to its original shape. Arrangements have been made for an entirely new fount of clearly-cut type, and the paper will be of the best quality, slightly toned. The services of some of the most distinguished writers have been secured, and a thoroughly Independent line, free from any party bias, will be steadily pursued. Notices of *Finance*, *Theatres*, *Music*, and *Art* will be continued, without curtailing the space reserved for *Reviews* of all important publications. Special attention will be devoted to *Education*, and a series of articles on *The Public Schools of England* is in preparation. Information and letters from influential persons abroad, of which the value has been amply proved by the events of the past two months, will continue to form a prominent feature in the paper.

While strictly avoiding the lines of the "Society" journals, *The Examiner* will not shrink from fearlessly exposing all abuses of a public nature, and will endeavour to act up to its original motto:

"Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In order to meet the requirements of the Printing Office during the Christmas Holidays, advertisers are urgently requested to send in their advertisements early in the week.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

As the date of the Senatorial elections draws nearer, it is becoming daily more evident that their result will be decidedly Republican, but not Radical. The position of M. Dufaure's Ministry is decidedly strengthened, and those who expected that M. Gambetta would take his place after the 5th of January are no longer sanguine. Nor is M. Dufaure thinking of exchanging the Portfolio of Justice for that of Foreign Affairs, as he is extremely anxious to secure the irremovability of the magistrates. The prophecies of the Extreme Left that the opening of the year 1879 will witness the inauguration of a new Republican system are, therefore, likely to be falsified; the consolidation of the existing Constitution will probably proceed steadily without any startling change.

The threat of impeachment which has so often been held out to the Ministers of the 16th May has at last been given up even by the violent politicians; the Republican *Temps* is not afraid to declare openly what all sensible men have been saying privately for some weeks—that MM. de Broglie and Fourtou might probably be acquitted, and thus gain rather than lose by their trial.

On the subject of the negotiations between the Prussian Government and the Duke of Cumberland, on the question of the confiscated property of the Guelph family, we are in a position to affirm that the Berlin Court has not abandoned

its attitude of passive resistance, and is waiting for further steps to be taken by the Duke which His Royal Highness feels it beneath his dignity to adopt.

The Russian Minister of War has notified to Prince Dondukoff Korsakoff that a consignment of heavy Krupp guns will be shortly sent him for the fortifications he is erecting at Sophia.

We hear that the Russification of the native tribes in Siberia is being carried out under circumstances that approach almost to a persecution. Upwards of 5,000 persons in the province of Tobolsk have been forced to embrace the Russo-Greek religion since June.

It is rumoured that Germany, which, as is well known, declined to exhibit at Paris, is seriously thinking of an International Exhibition at Berlin for the year 1881. A number of German engineers have been studying all the arrangements made at Paris for the construction of the temporary buildngs, the transport of goods to and from the Champ de Mars, and the railway traffic.

The Czar is about to confer a decoration on Seid Muzafar, Emir of Bokhara, for the friendly disposition he has displayed towards Russia since last June.

An understanding exists between Russia and Persia with respect to the subjugation of the Turcoman tribes, and the despatch of Persian troops to Khorassan is one result of the agreement.

The Russian Minister of Ways of Communication has despatched several engineer officers to Teheran to survey the country to be traversed by the projected line connecting the Shah's capital with the Russian network of railways.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Now that the Czar has publicly announced to his people his decision to abide by the Treaty of Berlin—which in official Russian, means that he will do everything but fight to make it a dead letter—rumours are again being circulated of the approaching introduction of reforms in the Empire. The Russian Chauvinists, whose policy has of late been identified with that of Prince Gortschakoff, and is now, like the Prince, out of favour at the Russian Court, are to be consoled for the failure of their plans by promises of a Constitution. Such a word can have no real meaning in a country where the great majority of the people cannot read, and the sovereign rules by means of a huge army which is the blind instrument of his will. Alexander II. is generally supposed to be less of a despot than his predecessors because he emancipated the serfs. But the truth is that this measure, which was originally conceived by Nicholas, and would probably have been carried out by that sovereign but for his premature end, has, by reducing the wealth and influence of the Russian nobles, increased the despotic power of the Czars. A Russian boyar, with thousands of serfs bound to him body and soul, was a much more formidable personage than the half-ruined "prince" whose estates are now parcelled out among peasant proprietors, and who passes most of his time in Paris or Monaco. Nor has Russian despotism much to fear from the other classes of the population. It is chiefly among students, artisans, and officers of the lower ranks, that Nihilism, the only real danger to the autocratic *régime* in Russia, is to be found. The Nihilist doctrines are too extravagant and unpractical to have any chance of being adopted by the more enlightened classes, which, moreover, do not, as a rule, manifest any interest in home politics. Russian journalists and Panslavist politicians certainly talk a great deal in a vague way about constitutional reforms for the Empire, but they do not seem to have any clear idea of what such reforms should be. As to the great majority of the Russian people, their notion of a Constitution is probably not more accurate at this day than was that of the mutineers of 1825, who, when their leaders urged them to fight for the Grand Duke Constantine and the Constitution, imagined that by "the Constitution" was meant Constantine's wife.

Without allying oneself with those who invariably look on the dark side of every picture, it may not be out of place to examine the *raison d'être* of the reported withdrawal of the Russian Mission from Cabul, and test it by the light of their movements elsewhere. It is asserted that Russia is unwilling to find herself involved in a war with England, the *casus belli* being Afghanistan. Now the Cabinet at St. Petersburg are aware that to engage in a war on this ground means to a certain extent a plan of operations contiguous to the territory in dispute, and, with winter staring them in the face, a diminished exchequer, and a long line of communications to maintain, they are *at present unprepared* to enter on such a war. The gist of the whole case lies in these words; and, taking them as a starting point for argument, we may fairly ask, What is the meaning of the flank march of Russian troops under General Lomakin? the massing and pushing forward of men and supplies towards the frontier (thinly veiled under the pretext of subjugating the Turcoman hordes)? and the daily reports of activity in the Russian arsenals, purchases of munitions of war, and armament of cruisers by the Moscow committee? It would be unwise, nay, insane, to sit down in fancied security, and imagine that the withdrawal of the Mission from Cabul betokens an end of Russian intrigue. Winter past, and spring opening, would mean a more favourable time for action; and, poetical as the idea may be that "in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," we have had ample proof that the Muscovite mind is not so attuned as to greet the vernal season with such thoughts.

It is satisfactory to note that the continued presence of General Abramoff in the Pamir, to which we have more than once called attention, has resulted in the resolution of the Indian Government to occupy Kungrat and Chitral. The task will be undertaken by the Maharajah of Cashmere, who will push out across Yagistan as far as the borders of

Wakkan and the Hindoo Koosh. One pass—the Darkote—leading from Yassin to the Pamir, close to where Severtsoff and his companions are now exploring Lake Victoria, will, no doubt, first engage Runbur Sing's attention, as it is through this inlet that the Cossacks would pass should General Abramoff desire to advance upon India. The lower part of the region abuts upon Afghanistan the entire distance from Peshawur to Cabul, and it will be wise, therefore, to have the hills in English hands before we attempt to invest the Ameer's city. Whether the occupation of Chitral will be followed up by any active measures against Wakkan and Badakshan, both of which Afghan States lie beyond, remains yet to be seen; but we trust that whatever is undertaken will be carried out in a firm and vigorous manner, and not in that vacillating spirit that too often characterises our dealings with Asiatics. While our troops are still in the vicinity of the Hindoo Koosh, it is a question whether it would not be better, once for all, to define our relations with these petty khanates. We may be assured that, sooner or later, a fresh movement forward will be made from Ferghanah—if, indeed, one is not being carried out by Abramoff at the present moment—and it will be wise, therefore, to secure those passes which are essential to our safety in India. The closer we get to the Pamir the better able we shall be to see what is going on in its neighbourhood, and the better fitted we shall be to prepare for any future edition of those hostile movements which General Kaufmann inaugurated in Ferghanah last summer.

The passage of arms which seems likely to take place to-day between the two Chambers of the French Legislature, and which may, indeed, be said to have already begun, involves issues a good deal more important than may at first sight appear. The vexed question is, on the face of it, a mere dispute whether a certain portion of the French clergy shall or shall not in future receive an additional stipend of about 4*l.* a year. Those, however, who on this side of the Channel are disposed to look at it in this simple light are apt to make two mistakes which entirely mislead their judgment in the matter. The first of these is the fallacious idea that the persons to be benefited by the measure, if passed, are the members of the Catholic Church alone, whereas the fact is that the boon would be enjoyed also by the poorer ministers of other creeds who, under the broad system of toleration now established in France, are all entitled to allowances from the State. The second fallacy is that which has lately been exposed in several pamphlets and other publications, and which represents the question as one merely of generosity—as a dispute whether the State will, out of pure kindness, make a handsome present to the Churches or not. Those who have studied the statistics of religion in France during the last few years know that this is not so much a question whether the religious instructors of the people shall be encouraged and enriched as whether they shall be suffered to exist at all. The difficulties of obtaining fit persons to serve in the parishes are becoming more and more evident under the present *régime*, and, unless some step in the direction now suggested be taken without delay, they will become insuperable. It is not that the poor clergy are extravagant or open to any new imputation in this respect. On the contrary, they are the most hardworking and uncomplaining members of the French community, which is saying a great deal. Even their bitterest opponents do not venture to allege against them any of the old and vague charges of greed and selfishness. But the cost of living has gone up in France, as it has in England, while there has been no such increase of stipend to the poor benefices as has taken place in this country. Meanwhile, the private contributors to the Churches' funds have fallen off with the growth of atheism, and the miserable pay which the rural *curés* and *pasteurs* receive is literally not sufficient to keep body and soul together. The fight, therefore, is one not between one sect and another, but between atheism and religion; inasmuch as, without the grant of fresh funds, the ranks of the clergy must inevitably be decimated, and the parishes and congregations thus deserted must be left without any religious instruction whatever. This is the reason why a proposal which the Lower House rejected has been taken up with such ardour by the Senate, and why the latter body has assumed the unwonted courage and responsibility of revising the decision of the other branch of the Legislature. It has done so by an overwhelming majority, which is very unlikely to disappear altogether, even if the Senate should at the approaching elections be recruited by a fresh contingent of Radicals. There can be little doubt that in this matter it is backed up by the opinion of the country. The known sufferings of the poor clergy, their laboriousness and usefulness, and the very moderate character of the benefit which it was proposed to confer upon them, are certain to enlist all moderate men in the cause; and the force of public opinion in favour of the view held by the Senate is increased by the absurdity of the plea upon which the proposal was rejected by the Chamber—a plea by which France was represented as too poor to pay 200,000 francs to keep religion from being starved out. If the Chamber, at its special meeting to consider of the subject, should hold to the course at first adopted and provoke a pitched battle with the Senate, it is impossible to doubt which House will obtain the public support; nor would such obstinacy on the part of the ultra-Radical party be probably without its effect on the agitation now going on in view of the Senatorial Elections.

Paris is feeling the reaction caused by the cessation of visitors and stoppage of business consequent on the close of the Exhibition. It is the usual weakness which follows a fever. According to all appearances, less Christmas and New Year's business will be done than in ordinary years. It is a reaction which prudent men of business clearly foresaw. The hotels are comparatively empty, and the receipts at the theatres very middling, considering the time of year. The shops on the boulevards and in the chief streets, which are wont, in ordinary years at Christmas time, to remain open until eleven o'clock or even till midnight, now close their doors at nine from the paucity of purchasers. It is a great mistake to suppose that all the visits made and all the business done by foreigners during the six months of the Exhibition caused a positive increase in the trade of Paris. Most of the visitors had postponed their journey from last year, and many who visited the Exhibition will not come to Paris next year. But, although the great show will eventually leave a deficit of forty millions of francs, no one is disappointed, as it was never supposed that it would produce an increase of revenue. It has been a complete industrial and moral success, and no more could have been expected.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

LOYAL MOURNING.

The blow which fell on the Royal family a few hours after our last issue will affect far wider circles than that of the immediate relations of the good Princess. No one who has observed the relations subsisting between the Queen and people of England can have failed to remark their peculiarity in comparison to the feelings of loyalty and national pride which are supposed equally to affect continental nations. For many years past the Court in England has, as a social institution, almost ceased to exist, and the Queen has had no personal contact with her subjects. St. James's Palace has opened its doors on the rarest occasions only, and from the State balls at Buckingham Palace the hostess has been absent. The generous hospitalities of Marlborough House and Sandringham could not, however kindly and lavishly they were bestowed, bear that stamp which can be conferred by the Sovereign only. It is now seventeen years since the greatest grief which can befall any woman deprived the Queen of that kind and wise support of which we have only lately learnt to appreciate the full value through Theodore Martin's book. Her Majesty has ever since only paid flying visits to the metropolis. Balmoral has been her favourite retreat; the blue waters of the Solent have occasionally replaced the stormy torrent of the Dee, but the people of London have had but few and scant opportunities of gazing on the widow's weeds of her whom they greeted so warmly when she drove to Westminster as a fair and inexperienced girl, and when, by the side of the judicious consort who was her guide and solace in the weary affairs of State, she reviewed the troops in Hyde Park or held a levée at St. James's. Yet the feelings of hearty affection and true sympathy with which the Queen has been regarded by the great mass of the people have not been modified. Their loyalty is as staunch as it was when they could themselves see its object almost every day. The waves of Socialism, the epidemic of assassination, which have passed over every country on the Continent, have left our island almost undisturbed. A madman may threaten to change the form of Government, or a fool may, in the flights of post-prandial oratory, suggest that a Republic would be better than a Constitutional monarchy. Such morbid excrescences of the body politic have existed in every time and country. But they do not affect the love and reverence the English nation bear to their Queen and, through her, to the whole Royal family. In Austria, when speaking of the Emperor, they do not say, "His Majesty dined at Schönbrunn with the family," but "the Highest-of-All Personages took dinner." Francis Joseph does not receive a foreign ambassador; "His Imperial and Royal Majesty deigns to grant an audience." In Russia the Czar is, of course, the despotic father of all his subjects; his power is so great that the large majority of the population clothe him with a semi-divinity which the Court ceremonial is not adapted to remove. In the mind of the peasant there is some little doubt as to whether Providence and the Emperor are one and the same, or which comes first. In Italy the young king is surrounded by all the halo which must needs envelop the generous scion of a race which fought so bravely for Italy's independence, and the son of one who himself led the charges of the picked troops of Piedmont. Yet, notwithstanding the awe which hedges the Royal name in the first-named countries, and the memories which endear it in the last, there can be no doubt that the sympathy felt by Englishmen and women for their Queen is greater, the loyalty they entertain deeper and more lasting, than the feelings which animate the title-loving people of Austria, the submissive hordes of Russia, or the impetuous populace of Italy. Much less than an abdication of the leadership of society would suffice to alienate the feelings of our continental neighbours from their sovereigns. The slightest error in judgment causes murmurs which are barely concealed under the most high-sounding titles. Any unpopular measure would call forth the most virulent private abuse, even if police and military sufficed to prevent any public demonstration of dissatisfaction. Here, on the contrary, our attachment to the Sovereign's family sufficed, without soldiers or police, to make us bear patiently the excesses of the Regency and the stolidity of the Queen's predecessor. It can, therefore, be safely asserted that the great grief which, on Saturday last, overshadowed the palace came home to every house and every cottage in the realm. We have now nothing to forgive, for Her Majesty has ever striven to improve the moral and material condition of her people. We have nothing to forget, for the Queen's acts have ever been true and beneficent. We have nothing to bear patiently, for no sovereign has known so well how to hold the reins of constitutional Government without ever pulling the curb too tight, and yet without letting them slip from her hands. She has successfully performed the highest duties which can fall to the lot of any mortal—those of a constitutional monarch, than which none can be more arduous and none more exacting. If loyalty were not ingrained in the English character, she would have implanted it; if love for the Sovereign were not already a national characteristic, she would have inspired it. Even in this great trouble it must be some consolation to the august sufferer to know that thirty millions of her subjects grieve with her, and that, when the sad news reached her distant Indian Empire and the colonies beyond seas, the hearts of many more millions were melted to deep sympathy with the stricken mother.

RESULTS OF THE SESSION.

That the principal and immediate result of the Winter Session has been to strengthen the hands of the Government in its foreign policy is beyond all doubt. Majorities of 101 and 110 speak for themselves with a plain and simple eloquence which there is no resisting; for there had been abundant preparation for the strife on both sides, and these divisions must be accepted as showing unmistakeably the opinions of the present House of Commons; while the Lords were still more decided in their adherence to the Government. The denial of logical conclusions can neither sustain a bad case nor injure a good one; and, although it seems improbable that the Ministry is particularly elated by what *The Times* calls the "flush of their victory," nor the Opposition much depressed by the "chagrin of their defeat"—seeing that some such result as that obtained was so generally anticipated—it may be conceded that the Houses of Parliament have declared in favour of the Cabinet. But, turning impartially to the other side of the question, it seems equally evident that the *status* of the Opposition has been very considerably improved by the debates which have taken place—despite, we may add, the persistent endeavours of the Opposition tail, and of that anomalous member, Mr. Gladstone, to injure and discredit the party. It has been a standing taunt against Liberals that they are careless of the honour of their country, and blind to its chief source of danger abroad—the aggressive designs of Russia. After the declarations of such Liberals as Mr. Göschen, Mr. Grant Duff, and Lord Hartington himself, this taunt loses its point. In the past, Liberals and Conservatives alike have made the grand mistake of treating Russian statesmen as credible and honourable persons, and placing reliance upon their solemn assurances. For the future, neither party will be disposed to shut its eyes to obvious facts. Promises from Russia have hitherto been requested, demanded, and even at times exacted. Henceforth, such guarantees as the wily Muscovites cannot escape will, in every instance, be obtained in all those matters wherein, during bygone years, English Ministers have trusted the solemn asseverations of the Russian Emperor's more or less obedient servants.

One most formidable danger, which it is to be fervently hoped has now passed away, was the threatened attempt of the Radicals to move for the replacement of Mr. Gladstone at the head of Liberal affairs. Mr. Bernal Osborne, in a recent speech, rather let the cat out of the bag by speaking too freely concerning this most disastrous notion, and hardly mended matters by expressing the hope that the responsibilities of the position might induce the member for Greenwich to become less violent and intractable. The Greenwich speech proved, to the more sensible of those who might have been his followers, that the thought of endeavouring to displace Lord Hartington by the arch-master of special pleading must be abandoned; and the coarse and unworthy harangue delivered on the 10th of the month, in the course of the debate on the Afghan war, destroyed the faint hope of the dissatisfied Liberal Left. *The Times*, to whom the ex-Premier was once no less a divinity than to more demonstrative organs, could not refrain from making "decided protest against the language and the spirit in which Mr. Gladstone permitted himself to indulge"; while *The Standard* did not care to censure the performance, but really condemned it more bitterly, by treating it mainly as a matter of scholastic oratory, assuming that the possibility of its having the faintest effect on contemporary politics was utterly out of the question. For let us assume that at a general election Conservatives were defeated, and Mr. Gladstone called upon to form a Cabinet. Who would work with this virulent champion of crazes? Manhood suffrage would no doubt be a leading feature of his policy, with, very likely, female suffrage to follow. Neither Mr. Lowe nor Mr. Göschen would support a Ministry bent upon such hazardous experiments. Lord Hartington could scarcely step from the position of leader to a subordinate office. Lord Granville would be at best a very half-hearted adherent, if he consented to serve at all. Other principal members of the party could hardly work cordially on behalf of a Cabinet with such notable absentees. No doubt, Sir William Harcourt would take what was offered to him, if anything were; and for colleagues Mr. Gladstone would have to search the extreme Left. The vulgar buffoonery of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the singular statesmanship of Mr. Jenkins, the pompous eccentricities of the "spurious Solomon" who represents Liskeard, and the American imitations of Mr. Chamberlain would form a strange stock-in-trade for the chiefs of an English political party.

The evidence afforded during the debate, that Lord Hartington possessed many of those qualities of a leader for which many of his followers had not given him credit, were, therefore, extremely welcome; for, amongst other things, they showed that his lordship valued the position to which he had been elected, and was not disposed to abdicate at the expense of his party. Lord Hartington was upon his mettle, and showed that he was not unworthy of the trust that had been reposed in him. And, if Liberals are not wholly united, it cannot be said that Conservatives form an impregnable phalanx. Lords Derby and Carnarvon are not without supporters, and, were Lord Beaconsfield to yield up the direction of the Conservatives, elements of discord which are now hushed would at once become prominent. So shifty a Minister as the Marquis of Salisbury has proved himself to be most assuredly would not obtain the confidence of the Tory rank and file, nor the sincere co-operation of all his present colleagues. Where to find a successor to Lord Beaconsfield is now seriously agitating the gentle breasts of many Conservatives who hope for the best without any very solid foundation for the hope that is in them. Liberals meantime take heart, and point to Bristol and Maldon as proof that the feeling of the country has changed, and that, consequently, the present House of Commons does not truly represent the sentiments of constituencies. And, while cordially lamenting the prevalent distress and depression of trade, Liberals cannot be blind to the fact that their cause is thereby strengthened. It may be true enough that Government is not responsible for the bad times upon which we have fallen. The disturbed condition of Europe might have affected trade as much under a Liberal as it has done under a Conservative Cabinet. But many electors do not reason. Any change, they argue, would be for the better; and the omission of any reference in the Royal Speech to the widely extended suffering, together with the suggestion of the grant to the victims of Russian Christianity in the Rhodope district, seem to show a carelessness and indifference to home affairs on the part of the Government which electors will not be ready to forgive. Looking into the future, therefore, the lesson to be derived from the results of the session is that Conservatives will do well not to be too enthusiastic, while Liberals need not be despondent, at the large, but possibly deceptive, majorities which Ministers have, on a National question, succeeded in obtaining.

THE GOLDEN CASKET.

England is governed by a great novelist; India by a poet whose works are ostentatiously displayed on the tables of sundry members of the Viceregal Court. In order to attain greatness as a writer of romance, it is necessary to possess imaginative qualities of a high order; and our Premier has once more proved that his prolonged exertions as the political chief of a party which, hitherto, has been generally considered anything but poetical, and of a Cabinet of which the great recommendation has always been that they are capital business men, has not dried up the springs of his fertile brain, and that he is yet able to write, or even speak, the most imaginative chapters on any given subject. The magnificently illuminated and embossed address presented to Lord Beaconsfield on Thursday in an artistic casket, specially manufactured from the products of Californian mines, has, evidently by what philosophers term the law of analogy, once more opened the portals of that perfervid brain, and has allowed us, once again, to hear those poetic effusions which, a few days ago, were perforce disguised under the cloak of dry parliamentary speeches.

Lord Beaconsfield assured the deputation that the Berlin Treaty was an instrument which would be maintained and carried into effect, and that daily progress was being made towards its fulfilment. He implored his hearers not to listen to those who would qualify it as a phantom and a failure. He still professed the same faith in its efficacy as at the Guildhall in the month of November, and appealed to the evidence of facts in support of these professions. Now, there are three possible explanations of his Lordship's assertions. Either he believes in them himself; or he does not, but wishes his audience to believe in them; or, thirdly, he knows they are false, and also knows that his audience knows it. We will briefly examine these three suppositions. If our Premier really believes that the Berlin Treaty is being carried out, and will secure peace, he must be singularly, preternaturally, sanguine. At present, the evidence is entirely in favour of those who assert that it is a delusion, invented to console the people of England for having wasted money in warlike display, a snare to induce them to repose confidence in men who have misused it. England could, our Ministers boldly told us, not agree to the Treaty of San Stefano, but must interfere, if needs were by force of arms, to prevent its iniquitous conditions from being carried out. We did interfere, and Lord Beaconsfield returned triumphant from Berlin with the Treaty in his pocket which was to have annulled the abominable instrument signed at San Stefano, and which is still asserted to be a signal success. Yet, with the sole exception of a tiny strip of territory in Asia, Russia has obtained, either by the clauses of the Berlin Treaty or by evading them, every single advantage she had previously claimed of vanquished Turkey. Roumelia and Bulgaria are under her absolute dominion, and the International Commission has been compelled to return to Constantinople without having been able to accomplish its work, on account of the presence of the Czar's troops, and the determined opposition of his administrators and commanders. In April, those troops are to be withdrawn; but, even if they should retire (which we take leave to doubt), it will only be to leave behind them a powerful militia, which is now being carefully trained by Russians, which will be commanded by Russians, and which will have a large majority of Russians in its ranks as non-commissioned officers. The nationality of the army of occupation will be changed in name only. We were at least promised peace in these provinces, and an equal distribution of justice to all; yet each mail brings us intelligence of fresh disturbances and harrowing accounts of atrocities committed on unoffending Mussulmans, of fearful sufferings of helpless refugees. Roumania has been deprived of Bessarabia, for which so much precious English blood was shed twenty-three years ago; Turkey is threatened by Greece and Montenegro, while she is pressed by her northern conqueror to squeeze out yet another dole from the wretched taxpayer so as to pay the war indemnity which our Ministers at Berlin had not the courage to prohibit as an unrighteous and dastardly extortion. Encouraged by Russian advances and our own inactivity, Shere Ali has braved us, and has forced on us an expensive, troublesome, and unnecessary war. In short—for why multiply instances?—look where we will, we cannot find any signs of the progress towards peace and towards the complete execution of the Berlin Treaty of which Lord Beaconsfield speaks with pride. It may be possible that the Premier is better informed than the public, and that he has discovered hopeful signs where we can read nothing but tyranny, duplicity, misery, rapine, and death. If so, let him communicate the despatches which tell him that the Russians are not only promising but really carrying out their pledges; let him produce the reports which inform him that there is peace in the Rhodope mountains, and that the refugees are returning to their homes; let us see for ourselves that we are mistaken, and, notwithstanding all that has passed, he will gain the applause of every honest man in the country.

We fear, however, that our Premier has nothing of the sort to justify his sanguine views. We are sure that, if he had, the public would at once have been told that they were being misled by the daily papers—not in the rounded periods of a well-balanced speech, but in the drier and more persuasive language of official blue books. So far, we have nothing to prove that the Berlin Treaty is being carried out, both in its letter and spirit, except Lord Beaconsfield's opinion; and against these we have evidence so overwhelming that even the Premier's word can only weigh as dust in the balance. And as we know that, if Lord Beaconsfield is a novelist he is also a man of clear insight and calm judgment, we are compelled to conclude that he has, in reality, no faith whatever in the Treaty, and only says so hoping against hope. Whether the Prime Minister expects that the Californians will believe what he himself, as we have shown, must needs know to be inaccurate, is another question. There may lurk in his mind the expectation that a few more strong despatches may, after all, incline the Czar to act with justice as well as to give fair promises. Or, more probably, he thinks that the Imperial words should satisfy the minds of the ingenuous English dwellers beyond the Atlantic, and that the specious assurances from St. Petersburg, though disproved by scarcely veiled official measures, suffice to show that the Cabinet has deserved well of the country. Yet there is evidence enough that the country is profoundedly dissatisfied, and that the British public will explain to the delegates that Lord Beaconsfield's oration is hardly complete, that it is hardly ingenuous, and not at all to the point. We are, therefore, unwillingly driven to the third alternative. Our Premier has once more assumed the character of the novelist, and has been civil enough to amuse his visitors with a charming fiction in return for their handsome gift and for the sweeter present of the respectful homage they laid at his feet. No wonder; for the golden casket and the richly emblazoned

parchment must have reminded him of Sidonia's treasures, and have caused him to forget, for a few minutes, the unpleasant facts recorded in the dusty documents of the official residence. Thus, and thus only, can Lord Beaconsfield's speech be not only explained but justified; nay, more, as a chapter from a forthcoming novel of our gifted Premier, it deserves the very highest praise. It is full of fervent imagination, pointed satire, and playful irony. What can be more delightful than the fancy sketch of Cyprus which was unfolded before the astonished deputation? and could we wonder if, after hearing the alluring description, they emigrated *en masse* from their "golden rivers and crags glittering with treasure" to that "new sparkling gem of the Queen's Crown" in the East? What could be more playful than his warning against alarmist intelligence? The facts, his lordship said in effect, speak against the Treaty of Berlin; I am very sorry; all the worse for the facts. What could be more ironical than his description of the Treaty, "not as a patched-up settlement. . . . not intended to humiliate any Power." Mark the words. The settlement was not patched up, for it had always been intended, by Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, that Russia was to extend her frontier to Adrianople, and, by means of Sofia, secure a hold on the whole of Turkey in Europe. No Power was humiliated, for Turkey came forth from the Congress prouder, richer, and more powerful than ever.

It has often been stated that the popular novelist exerts more power over the minds of men than the wisest statesmen. In his person, Lord Beaconsfield has justified the saying; for, where he fails as a statesman, he succeeds as an author of romances, and, when it suits him, he discards the majestic garb of the Council Chamber for the pleasant versatility of the popular writer. The rapidity with which these transformations are effected is as wonderful as it is effective, and we can sincerely congratulate ourselves that we have a man at the helm of the State who, when we are tired of blue books, will give us yellow-bound novels, and, when we are satiated with truth, will feed us on fiction.

FAIR PLAY.

There are few things in connection with politics on which we have in England been more in the habit of priding ourselves than the respect paid to fair play in our political controversies. How far this pride is justified on a careful review of our political history is a point which we do not care just now to investigate. But it may be allowed that of late years we can shew a tolerably clean bill of health in this matter as compared to foreign nations. We have (or till lately had) got into the habit of opposing each other without reference to the commercial transactions of our grandfathers, and the rumours once current as to the reputations of our great-aunts. We do not generally hint that our political enemies are probably in league with some one who has threatened to shoot at the Queen, or that they have designs on the Bank of England. Not the least unfortunate thing about the acrimonious political disputes of the last two years is that a great inroad has been made on this convention. Language and insinuations of a character unknown in political controversy for many years have been used both in Parliament and out of it; motives have been imputed with the most reckless freedom, and constructions have been put on the conduct of public men which would have been thought very unusual a short time before. Neither party is altogether guiltless in the matter of this retrogression; though there is, perhaps, little doubt that the larger share of the blame rests with the Opposition.

In the last few days, a rather remarkable instance of the evil results of this relaxation of political courtesies has occurred. There is nothing in the correspondence between Lord Blantyre and Mr. Gladstone published last Thursday which is in itself in the least discreditable to either party. As all the world knows, Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal, or hint at a proposal, of help from the national exchequer to the sufferers in the Rhodope met with so little favour that it never was formally made at all. Mr. Gladstone, as he had a perfect right to do, opposed the motion very strongly, but, being anxious to clear himself from the charge of indifference to the sufferings concerned, he took the step of writing to Lord Blantyre. This nobleman, we need hardly remind our readers, distinguished himself by his munificent philanthropy during the late war, and thousands of sick and wounded men in Asia and Europe owed to him health and life. In his letter to Lord Blantyre, Mr. Gladstone, indeed, showed himself, as we might expect, unable to keep the Turk out of the Memorial. Just as, we suppose, the devastation of the Palatinate was more the fault of the obstinate Germans than of Louis the Magnificent, so the sufferings of the Rhodope seem to Mr. Gladstone to be mainly due to Constantinople and not to St. Petersburg. There are also some other unnecessary flings at the sympathy of the wealthy classes of this country with the Turks, and so forth. But these are only pretty Fanny's way. In the main, Mr. Gladstone's letter is a really earnest suggestion that private subscription should do what he thinks it would have been improper to do by public grant. He suggests, accordingly, that Lord Blantyre should prompt the Government to set such a subscription on foot. Lord Blantyre's reply is also honourable to him. He shews, perhaps, some little natural irritation at the flings before alluded to. He meets the remark which Mr. Gladstone had made, that national funds are largely contributed to by the working classes, and that the working classes are now in a state of distress, by a perfectly fair argument. The working classes (he says) contribute to the national expenditure only indirectly, and not one mite would have been added to the tea or tobacco or spirit duties by the proposed grant to the Rhodope. He points out, too, that the working classes are usually forward to help others, and that they themselves are in the receipt of great assistance from national funds. He defends, as he has a perfect right to do, the Turkish Government from Mr. Gladstone's aspersions; but he holds, as he has also a perfect right to hold, that the Government has nothing to do with originating private subscriptions. In rejoinder, Mr. Gladstone quotes a precedent for the latter proceeding, and so the correspondence ends.

In all this there is, we repeat, nothing discreditable, though Mr. Gladstone's letter might have been in part better advised. But we look to the comment of some extreme organs, and we find Lord Blantyre accused of "considering that the distress of the working classes of England is an affair of a little more or a little less spirits and tobacco." We own to an inability to find any such sentiment in Lord Blantyre's letter. On the contrary, Lord Blantyre says, in effect, "This grant would not have added to the distress of the working classes, for it would not have increased the taxes which touch them." His censor makes him say that the distress itself is a matter of more or less spirits and tobacco. Now, for a man like Lord Blantyre to make such an assertion at such a moment would, we admit, be a dangerous folly, only to be paralleled by the worst re-

corded verbal follies of the French noblesse. Any such words from a man of wealth and station would be caught up by agitators all over the country, repeated again and again, and for years used as an argument to stir up class hatred. But, as we have said, it is impossible to see that Lord Blantyre said anything of the sort. He even goes out of his way to pay a compliment to the working classes. We can have, of course, no fear that the author of the criticism deliberately misrepresented Lord Blantyre. That, fortunately, is not to be believed of any respectable English journal. We can only put down the mistake to the habit of heated controversy before alluded to, and, perhaps, to an over strong faith in certain mystical theories of taxation. It is not uncommon with politicians to refuse to recognise the truths to which Lord Blantyre alluded, and to speak of increased or diminished taxation falling on the working classes. As a matter of fact, except in the most indirect manner, nothing but Customs and Excise touch them at all. But, even were this a matter of argument, not of fact, it does not touch the case. Lord Blantyre does not even say that, if a grant to the Rhodope might increase these duties, the working classes could avoid the incidence of the increase by lessening their consumption. He simply says that, as there would be no increase, they would not be touched at all. Yet he is made to say words which mean, if they mean anything, that if the poor smoked and drunk less they would not now be in distress, and that enforced abstinence from drink and tobacco is the worst they have to fear. This has been said, and loudly said, before now, but there is not the remotest trace of any such statement in Lord Blantyre's letter. We have said that, in all probability, such a misrepresentation as this can only arise from an oversight. To perceive the misrepresentation it is not necessary to agree with Mr. Gladstone or to agree with Lord Blantyre. It is necessary only to read the correspondence without prejudice, and to possess a reasonably fair habit of mind. And it is specially because the fancy for political bludgeoning is sure to lead to these slips that we think the present instance worthy of mention. Once persuade yourself that your adversary must be *ipse facto* a fool and a knave, and it becomes very natural to discern proofs of folly or knavery in whatsoever he does. Whether such a persuasion is likely to conduce to well reasoned argument or useful conclusions is, perhaps, a question not very difficult to answer. That both sides are tarred with the same brush is unfortunately but too true. All the less difficulty should there be in a reversion on the part of both to cooler temper and more decent language. The Opposition have by this time hinted that every member of the Cabinet in turn is a person who says the thing that is not, and the partisans of the Government have exhausted the resources of the English language in characterising the fatal blindness of Mr. Gladstone and the disgraceful factiousness of his followers. If only for the sake of a change, it might be well to see whether the old custom of saluting an adversary before the battle, and shaking hands afterwards, is not better than the new one of setting off political conversation with a fringe of personal abuse.

OUR SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.—III.

Having crossed the lofty space which lies between Forts Mackeson and Kohat, where the Afridis, whether of the Adam Kail or Jawakhi tribes, have not only in early but in later days proved such troublesome neighbours as to require the crowning of heights commanding the pass with more than one fortified tower, we find on its southern side the important fortress of Kohat. We are now among a race scarcely less formidable from their savage and marauding habits, the Vaziris. This extensive tribe or group of tribes extends from the angle where the river Kurram escapes from the mountains, hard by our little outpost at Thull (now so familiar as the starting point of one of our columns), along the range of the Suliman Mountains, to Dera Ghazi Khan, nearly opposite Multan. The position which the northern portion of this tribe occupies gives it as great an importance as that of the Khyberis among the Afridis. They are the warders of the valuable but hitherto little known Kurram Pass, which, leading by a somewhat circuitous route in the direction of Ghazni, as well as northwards under the Safed Koh, is believed to have been the one through which Mahmoud of Ghazni entered India. In consequence of the troubled state of the Khyber tribes in the year 1857, the Embassy under the distinguished brothers Lumsden worked its way under Afghan escort to Candahar by this road. By another defile a little farther to the south, known as the Gomál Pass, of which also the Vaziri are natives, a large majority of the caravans from Afghanistan and central Asia find their way to the markets of the Punjab and Hindostan.

Many are the tales which might be told of the savage descents of these Vaziris upon luckless merchant Kafilas; many, too, the marauding raids upon their more peaceful brethren who have settled down within our own frontiers. But we must pass on from the Kohat Valley—if it may be so called—to that of Bannú. To see this tract to advantage we must approach it from the banks of the Indus. This river, having forced its way through the successive gorges which lie between Attock and Kálábagh, now again spreads itself out through many channels. Immediately on its western bank, below Kálábagh, is a small and comparatively insignificant tribe called Mahwats, believed to have been originally connected with the Vaziris, but who have long since discarded their mother tongue—Pashtu—for Punjábi, and have, to a great extent, laid aside the marauding spirit of the Pathan for the peaceful agricultural labours of their neighbouring *Jat*. Running parallel with the Indus is a narrow ridge of sandstone, called the Nila Koh, or Blue Mountain, abruptly broken by a narrow pass, the Tang Dara, through which the Kúrram river flows into the Indus. Crossing this ridge a striking view presents itself, a wide valley so verdant that Herbert Edwardes called it "a vegetable emerald," to the south, towers up—the pride of these lower heights—the Takht-i-Suliman; and, far as eye can travel northwards, the snowy crown of the monarch of the whole range, Safed-Koh, or Spinghai, the White Mountain. Such a mountain range, stern and wild, seems the fitting home for the turbulent Vaziris, while the vale below is peopled by an offshoot tribe, named after an ancestor—Bannú—whose peaceful natures accord with the softness of their own valley. There is, probably, no portion of our frontier line in which the beneficial influence of English rule can be more distinctly traced than here. In 1847, before the Punjab had passed to the English, while the Army of Occupation held Lahore, and the Regency ruled in the name of the boy Maharajah Duleep Singh, Herbert Edwardes found himself in charge of this district, and thus he describes the people:—"The Banuchis are bad specimens of Affghans; could worse be said of any human race? They have all the vices of Pathans rankly luxuriant, the virtues stunted." Yet

within a few months this young subaltern was able, with a rare combination of self-reliance and tact, to mould these untractable men into an orderly and disciplined body, with which he planted himself before the walls of Multan, and largely contributed to the capture of that citadel. His work in the valley was taken up by Reynell Taylor, under whose conscientious but less resolute rule the old habits of the Vaziri began to re-appear; after which John Nicholson, firm to severity, became not only their dread but their demi-god. And yet under all three, so different in character, one trait was pre-eminently visible, their *justice*; and, despite the four hundred and more village forts—for every village was a fort—which their valley and hill side contained, frontier raids and tribal strifes became less and less frequent, while service in the Frontier Force became an object of such eager ambition that the chief bone of contention between tribe and tribe would often be a suspicious jealousy lest one should be favoured more than another in filling these coveted posts; and so it has come that Banuchi and Vaziri alike, Zemindar and Khan, are among the truest and the bravest in our ranks.

To the south, again, the Vaziris stretch along the frontier line; our own territory narrowing between the mountains and the Indus, while the country held by our independent Pathan neighbours widens, until we are brought abruptly to the borders of Beluchistan, where a friendly race, under a now friendly Khan, is giving us free access to Quettah.

This survey of what is commonly known as our Pathan Frontier, will help us to answer the question with which we started. How is it to be accounted for that, while the Mohamedanism of Central Hindostan is, as a rule, disaffected and disloyal, there should be found along this most distant outskirt of our Empire a succession of tribes, equally Mohammedan in their origin, who are manifesting progressive contentment and incipient loyalty to our rule? We have not handled them more gently, for circumstances required us to rule them peremptorily. When they came to us as a legacy from the Sikhs they were little better than barbarians. Defying all authority, often even that of their own Khans, with blood feuds a social obligation, with murder and robbery seemingly their daily occupation, they were yet hospitable to the stranger and charitable to the beggar; they were a strange compound of virtues and vices; though nominally Mohamedans, their only idea of religion consisted in being at all times ready for a *jehád*, or holy war, against the unbeliever. Their independence was indeed a reality; they had never known what it was to pay revenue to any Government; their natural masters at Cabul could never control them, their natural enemies at Lahore could never subdue them. Such were the tribes of whom a portion transferred their allegiance to us, while a greater part remained our hostile neighbours and sworn foes. But our civilisation could not tolerate what the ruder Afghan and Sikh had submitted to. It was necessary that their lawlessness should be repressed. One mode of dealing with them has been already mentioned—the "blockade." But occasions required stronger measures; now and again a small force would be detached to follow them up into their hill fastnesses, and even to exercise reprisals. But of later years less severe yet no less firm measures have been adopted. Conciliation and forbearance, blended with a determined assertion of authority and uncompromising exercise of justice, though at first little appreciated, have not been without their effects.

In the present crisis, the Afridi of the Khyber, and the Mohmund of the adjoining range, and also the Vaziri of the Kúrram Pass, have, with few exceptions, furthered our advance, even though against their own nominal liege lord. Very much is due to the firm, brave, just character of our Frontier Administration, but there is also another cause to be taken into account. The Mussulman of Hindostan, whether he trace descent from Afghan or Mogul, regards himself as part of an Empire the glory of which has been extinguished by his British conquerors. Clinging with Oriental tenacity to this memory, he resents, with unforgiving bitterness, the imagined wrong of a conquered and dispossessed people. Not so the Pathan of the frontier. With him there is no tradition of bygone Imperial power; for though formerly an outlying province, and ethnically an offshoot, from an empire which, in its day, was conspicuous among the dynasties of Asia, he has for many centuries been detached from that centre, whether it were of Ghazni or of Cabul, and during those centuries has known no existence but that of a rude mountaineer, ever struggling to maintain his independence, ever refusing to recognise a superior (except, perhaps, in his religious capacity, the Akhund of Swat), ever regarding his neighbour as a rival, and thus, by force of circumstances as much as by nature, becoming an Ishmaelite marauder and thief. The English have robbed him of no ancestral dignity, nor of his proudly cherished independence; and though they have persistently repelled, and when necessary punished, his love of plunder and of blood, with all his savagery he has not failed to recognise their justice. Though it may have so resolutely interfered with his own freedom of action, and have trampled out some of his more lawless customs, it has, on the whole, been beneficial to him and his tribe.

All this will tend to explain what might otherwise seem unaccountable in the attitude assumed by these frontier tribes. Contact with the English has encouraged a trustful feeling, while the suicidal financial policy of the Amir in withholding the traditional subsidies seems to have severed the last connecting link between the Pathan and his ancestral chief at Cabul, and thus what Cabul has lost England has gained.

STARVATION BY ORDER.

If we may be allowed for a moment, in the manner of the ancient poets, to compare small things with great, we should say that there are strong points of resemblance between Mr. Cross, of the Home Office, and the great Prince Bismarck. No one acquainted with the character of the German Chancellor doubts that he would be ready if need be, in his superabundant energy, to become Emperor of the German people, Commander-in-Chief of the German army, and Chancellor of the German nation, all at once; and that at the same time he would undertake, at a push, to decide the disputes of every parish, and to arbitrate for every district attorney. Now, in a small way, Mr. Cross is also very energetic. He is quite capable, any day, of assuming the command of the Forces or becoming Lord High Admiral, while continuing to keep his busy finger in every "job" presented for manipulation at the Home Office. He is, like his great contemporary, a very determined person; his motto is, if not "blood and iron," at least "stubbornness and leather." Not so very long ago the Press took a fit of praising him, and he has never quite got over the ovation. Since then, however, he has distinguished himself in so many remarkable ways, that we have no hesitation in saying that he ought to be translated to a nobler and

happier sphere as soon as possible. The New Prisons Act was a beautiful conception, quite in the manner of a mediæval baron. By its delicate provisions persons imprisoned for debt were treated as common convicts; for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four they were left in solitary confinement; they were allowed to receive or write only one letter in a month, and could see or be seen by their friends only once in the same period. The Act, conceived in a spirit of such large insight and delicate Christian charity, was followed by such splendid feats as the well-known case of the unfortunate young man, Rowley, at Oxford. It was speedily discovered that the Home Secretary was a man who would listen to no nonsense. His favourite formula, when presented with a petition for mercy, was that "he saw no reason why the law should not take its course." Of course not. Was it to be conceived that a determined gentleman, a spirited public servant, a man of will and purpose, should be deterred by mere considerations of common humanity? Mr. Cross, indeed, appears to look upon paupers and criminals much in the manner of another distinguished officer, Mr. Bumble. He regards them as his natural enemies. Though he lives by them, he is very unwilling that *they* should live. Public entreaties move him little; public abuse only deepens his determined truculence. In these respects, his mind is, as Mr. Bumble would express it, truly "porochial." In those other respects to which we first alluded, it is, as we said, Bismarckian, almost colossal. He is ready to undertake any public burthen, however onerous, and, with a view to undertaking as many as possible, he has set up the principle of the *Bureau*.

Within the last few weeks, people who seek for "horrors" in the papers have been regaled with a story which shows to the fullest advantage the beauty of the Bureau and the omniscience of its presiding Beadle, Mr. Cross. Some little time ago, a lad of nineteen, named Thomas Nolan, was committed to prison for three months as "a rogue and a vagabond"—which, being translated, certainly meant in this case that he was too ill to work and that he had no roof to cover his head. He reached Clerkenwell just in time to reap the beneficent provisions of Mr. Cross's New Prisons Act, which places almost arbitrary power in the hands of the Governor. Ordered to pick three pounds of oakum, he failed to do it, and by the surgeon's order the amount was reduced to two pounds. This, too, was beyond his strength. He was, therefore, sentenced to two days' bread and water—that is, one pound of bread, and water *ad libitum*, every twenty-four hours. The day following this punishment he did his taskwork, but the next day he failed again. He was again put on bread and water for two days. At the expiration of that punishment, without any time to recover his strength, he was set to work again; he again broke down, and as a refresher was condemned to two days' more bread and water. Next day he had to go into the Infirmary. Immediately on coming out he was punished again. The punishments continued with greater or less severity till he was found to be suffering from congestion of the lungs. The congestion passed into inflammation, and he died. For all the particulars of this slow murder, for the details of the plank bed, and the other prison tortures, we refer our readers back to the newspaper reports. Our point at present is that the Governor, under the New Prisons Act, acted strictly within the letter of the law and with the approval of Mr. Cross. When, in the spring of this year, the Visiting Justices complained to the Home Secretary that the Governor was cruelly punishing prisoners by confining them in separate cells on bread and water for two days at a stretch, Mr. Cross sided with the Governor. In July the Justices complained that the bread was unfit for human food. Mr. Cross made no sign. All power was virtually left in the hands of the Governor and the Doctor. It was proved at the inquest that the Visiting Justices were practically powerless and that the prison officials were only responsible to Heaven—that is, to Mr. Cross and the Bureau. We have no wish to torture our readers with the detailed description of the brutalities done under this semi-divine sanction. The story of Thomas Nolan, from the time when he entered the prison to be slowly tortured to death until the time when he lay dead, with no covering but a newspaper, waiting to be spirited away to the hospital dissecting room (for even his poor tortured body could not be found, loudly as the jury demanded it at the Inquest), is a story that puts civilisation to shame, and makes us ask ourselves, in horror, whether we live in a Christian land?

Now, the system of Visiting Justices was not perfect, but what are we to say of a system which virtually places the whole criminal and pauper class at the mercy of a Bureau, and of a Bureau presided over, in all probability, by a man with the ethical training of a prison warder and the spiritual insight of a parish beadle? We have heard a good deal of late of personal government; but when the personal government, or special Providence, takes the shape of a truculent Home Secretary—crying aloud for all burthens and privileges, and worthy, perhaps, of none—it is really time for the public to protest. The spirit of the poor "rogue and vagabond," Thomas Nolan, tortured by a code and butchered by a Bureau, is not "laid" yet; it stands, pallid and appealing, with spectral hand pointing at the official who sits in the chair of office and converts home government into a tyranny, a terrorism, and, above all, a "job." Perhaps Mr. Cross is no worse than another might be in his place; perhaps the system is to blame and not the man. But the wisdom of English jurisprudence has determined, once and for ever, that public protection lies in multiplicity of checks on personal power, and that no official, however zealous, is to have the law at his feet. The Bureau and its intolerable presiding deity—the Bureaucrat—are utterly obnoxious to Englishmen. We call for their speedy abolition or extradition, and, as a preliminary, we would suggest the immediate abolition—or shall we say translation?—of Mr. Cross.

TRADE AND FINANCE.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

The present unhealthy condition of commercial affairs may fitly be compared to an intermittent fever. The shocks to the financial system have been recurrent rather than continuous, and each attack has left the patient weaker than before. Yet one of the strangest features in the case is the hopefulness with which, as soon as the commotion consequent upon a heavy failure or a grave political disturbance has subsided, those engaged in trade appear to regard the situation. This buoyancy is taken by some to be an evidence of inherent stability, but it should rather be regarded as an indication of the existence of a spirit of speculation engendered by

the uncertainty which prevails as to the probable course of events. There can be no question but that the present crisis (if, indeed, crisis be the correct term to apply to a constant tension) is absolutely without precedent in previous financial history. Former panics were panics in the true sense of the word. The unexpected collapse of some large institution suddenly awakened the financial world to a sense of danger and insecurity, but men at the head of sound businesses knew that matters would rapidly return to their normal condition, and could take their measures accordingly. Now, however, not even the most experienced individuals can foretell the arrival of the period when commerce shall be prosperous and finance flourishing. The mischief is world-wide, and not local, and the recovery must necessarily be slow. As was pointed out in a recent article, the depreciation of silver is one of the main causes of this commercial convulsion, but much mischief was done, especially in this country, by the exceptional impetus given to trade by the cessation of relations between France and Germany. England became, more than ever, the great *entrepôt* both for trade and finance. People were prosperous, and numerous schemes were started for the utilisation, and, as it not infrequently turned out, for the absorption, of superfluous savings. Luxury became general and people worked less and spent more. Prosperity stimulated over-production, and wages and raw materials rose to abnormal prices. Germany, too, suddenly in receipt of a vast sum, became reckless, and is now, commercially, the most crippled country in the world. France alone, driven by dire necessity to hard work and retrenchment, remains relatively unharmed. The first note of alarm was sounded by the collapse of South American Securities some two years ago, and since that period every kind of industrial and financial enterprise has suffered to a degree completely unprecedented. Hardly had the political horizon become cleared when discovery was made of the rottenness of our banking system, and prudent men are still holding back, ignorant from what quarter danger may next arrive. The air is thick with rumours, and credit is reduced to the smallest possible proportions. Weak holders, both of securities and of articles of commerce, are being worn out by the constant shrinkage of their possessions, and the banks are refusing to relieve them by advances, as was formerly their too liberal custom. The one favourable feature is the persistence with which France takes our three and six months' bills, and entrusts us with the custody of her money; but even she is so severe in her choice of none but the best-considered acceptances that her assistance is only of advantage to those to whom credit is of small importance. There is, perhaps, a new source of danger in our having charge of her money, for, should complete distrust, through fresh and unexpected failures, take possession of her, her funds would be suddenly and completely withdrawn. A return to a sounder condition of affairs is, of course, only a question of time; but, until all the weak branches of the tree of trade are lopped off, and those which remain firmly attached to the trunk be found to have profited by the bitter lessons of sad and long-continued experience, no improvement is to be anticipated. The commercial outlook is densely clouded, and its clearance can only be brought about by care and prudence.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE SCANDAL.—The Committee have not yet given their decision in this long-pending case. It is to be hoped that all the allegations may be disproved, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that the Committee have, for the last fifteen months, been anxiously endeavouring to obtain sufficient evidence to bring home the supposed nefarious transactions to their alleged perpetrators. The proceedings recently described in these columns are said to have spread over a period of at least eight years. If the defendants are found guilty, they will be "suspended" till next March, and then not re-elected as members of the Stock Exchange, which is a gentle way of letting them down. It is further rumoured that, should the evidence be sufficiently strong, a criminal prosecution will be instituted. It would be well if the Committee made their decisions, as regards brokers, completely public. The misdeeds of "jobbers" only interest those inside the walls of the Stock Exchange, but brokers are the intermediaries between them and their outside clients, and the latter have a right to be warned against those they should avoid. Why do not the Stock Exchange Committee make their decisions public—at least, in the cases where brokers are involved? Those concerning jobbers have no interest for the outside world; but, as brokers are the intermediaries between the Stock Exchange and its clients, the latter have a right to be informed whom to trust and whom to avoid.

RAILWAYS.—The reason of the recent heavy fall in railways, and especially of that in "Brighton A's," is the refusal of the banks to make advances upon them, excepting under such heavy margins as to make speculative operations practically impossible.

GREEK BONDS.—We have received an extremely ill-written letter, by Mr. Louis Drucker, on Greek financial affairs. It contains imposing but fallacious calculations, of which the intention is to prevent the English holders of these bonds from accepting the compromise now offered by the Greek Government. The letter teems with abuse of the alleged bad faith and corruption of the Greeks, but makes no allusion to the well known fact that most of the money originally raised in England never reached Athens at all, but was wasted in commissions and jobs in this country.

FRANCE.—The new tax of one shilling per cent. upon all cheques, which we announced a fortnight ago, will be accompanied by another modification of considerable importance to international commerce. The bill stamp of three shillings per cent., imposed since the war of 1870, on all drafts drawn on France, other than those at sight, rendered impossible many transactions by taking away the bulk of the apparent profit. Its reduction to the level of our existing duty of one shilling per cent., which will be effected in March next, will greatly increase the volume of that part of the international trade which is based upon three months' credit. The tax upon cheques will be legitimately evaded in all large transactions by the use of letters of advice, so that it will only be of grave disadvantage to small local and foreign depositors.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.—Of all the various candidates for the post of governor of the Bank of France, the most likely to be elected is Monsieur André, head of the firm of Marcuard, André, and Co., one of the seven houses which form the charmed circle of the *hautes banques* of Paris. No better successor to the much-regretted M. Rolland could be found.

THE WESTERN BANK FAILURE.—It is alleged that no less than 100,000*l.* will be required to wind up the affairs of the West of England Bank, in addition to the deficit of 300,000*l.* which the balance sheet discloses. It appears almost incredible that so enormous a sum should be required for the legitimate expenses of a liquidation, and if it be really necessary, we are forced to the conclusion that a very great deal more money than is necessary is spent in auditors' charges and lawyers' bills.

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

MUSIC.

Crystal Palace Concerts.—The last concert before the Christmas recess took place on Saturday, and the presence in the scheme of Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony lent to it the importance which a performance of that work must always give. It has already been rendered more than once at the Crystal Palace; but the perfection there attained by Mr. Manns' fine orchestra has not been equalled by that of the choir, and the trying vocal parts of Beethoven's great composition have suffered accordingly. It is due, however, to the body of singers that sang on Saturday to say that they produced by far better results than have hitherto been achieved at Sydenham; and the band being, as it always is, well nigh irreproachable, the entire performance of the "Choral" was, perhaps, the best that has ever been heard in this country. The solos were remarkably well sung. Miss Thursby, Miss Redeker, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, were vocalists well adapted for the exceedingly difficult music set before them, and their delivery left no room for adverse criticism. An important item in the programme was the overture to Kleist's drama, "Dus Kätchen von Heilbronn," composed by Sir Julius Benedict for the recent Norwich Festival, and performed there with signal success. We are happy to be able to record a confirmation of that verdict by the critical audience of Saturday. The overture is a worthy example of the ripe genius of its composer, and it is doubly welcome if a foretaste of the grand opera which, rumour says, Sir Julius is writing on the subject of Kleist's drama, and to which it will, of course, form the prelude. It was well played by the orchestra, who also gave an exquisite rendering of Sullivan's "Dance of Nymphs" ("Tempest" music). In addition to their share of labour in the symphony, Miss Thursby sang the polacca from "Mignon," Miss Redeker a "lullaby" by Henschel, and Mr. Santley "O, Ruddier than the Cherry." It should be mentioned that, previously to the commencement of the concert, the "Dead March in 'Saul'" was impressively played, as an expression of sorrow at the sad news which had then just been received.

The Viard-Louis Concerts.—The second of these valuable and interesting concerts, held on Tuesday, was, we regret to say, very thinly attended; and this notwithstanding that as attractive a programme of orchestral music as could well be was offered to the public. It opened with Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, followed by a rondo scherzoso, "The Brooklet," from an orchestral *suite* by F. Corder. This charming, well-scored movement was played for the first time, and we shall not be loth to hear the composition in its entirety. Madame Viard-Louis played Mozart's D Minor Concerto with taste and skill, the cadenza being expressly composed by Dr. G. A. Macfarren, who certainly brought to his task neither sympathy for the master nor effects that were not *ad captandum*, if not vulgar. The Boccherini minuet for strings was encored, its rendering by the orchestra being a marvel of delicacy and precision. The *pièce de résistance* of the concert was the symphony in F (op. 9), composed by Hermann Goetz, best known in this country by his recently-produced opera, "The Taming of the Shrew." If for no other reason, amateurs will owe Mdme. Viard-Louis a deep debt of gratitude for introducing to an English audience this masterly work of genius. Deriving his frame of thought from one of the most beautiful of Schiller's lines, Goetz has expressed in his symphony music that may rank with some of the most inspired and delightful that has ever been written. It is replete throughout with melody, originality of idea and treatment, and a mastery of the art of orchestration such as very few composers of "abstract" music since the days of Mendelssohn have been able to manifest. Of the four movements, we like the second (intermezzo) and third (adagio) best, the latter being a gem that might alone earn fame for a composer. The symphony was magnificently performed, Mr. Weist Hill conducting with remarkable care and vigour. It was loudly applauded by the audience, and we shall look forward to an early repetition of the work by some of our other orchestral societies. Miss Richards played Chopin's B minor scherzo with good effect, and the concert ended with the entr'acte and ballet music from Cherubini's "Ali Baba," and Berlioz's march, "Troyenne," both given for the first time. Miss Merivale was the vocalist, and but a poor substitute for Madame Pappenheim, who was indisposed.

FINE ART.

Fine Art Society: Mr. Seymour Hayden's Collection of Etchings by Old Masters, &c.—This is a small but charming display of prints from etched and engraved plates of works of the great masters, including Mr. Seymour Hayden, and lent by that gentleman for exhibition at the rooms of the Fine Art Society, New Bond-street. The catalogue, which contains some valuable information on the subject of etching, has evidently been compiled in imitation of the *Notes* of Mr. Ruskin, of whose literary style Mr. Seymour Hayden is—it may be unconsciously—an imitator. It would be an oversight to notice the exhibition without at the same time discussing the introductory notes to the catalogue, because the writer puts forward the essay as a justification of his art, and because many of his remarks cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader. So long as he confines himself to the history and rationale of etching, we could not wish for a better guide than an annotator who is himself one of the most admirable of modern etchers, and whose contributions to the present exhibition will compare favourably—for every quality which should distinguish that sort of work—with the finest examples of the great Dutch and Flemish masters of the craft. Many of Mr. Seymour Hayden's landscapes and waterside studies are quite beyond praise. In the true spirit of the accomplished etcher, his effects are produced by a few splendidly simple lines. For air, for brilliancy of light, for a faithful rendering of distances, for correctness of form and vigour of handling, his views of "Purfleet" and "Old Chelsea" are in every way admirable. He exhibits in all eighty-one plates, the majority remarkable for grace and expression, and many of them familiar to admirers of this elegant art; but, for artistic grip of the subject and simplicity of execution, the two named seem, to our mind, to best illustrate the artist's avowed method and confessed ideal. As an enthusiast of etching, Mr. Seymour Hayden is unjust to the engravers. His dogmatic assertion that the work of the burin lacks personal identity is almost as wild a statement as that etching is "the most difficult of the arts." All competent critics, unbiassed by prejudice, are agreed that an able engraver stamps his individuality upon every line. And, as for the random praise that "etching is the most difficult of the arts," a glance at the collection of sketches by artists of the illustrated newspapers, exhibited last year at the Westminster Aquarium, would be a more than sufficient answer. The kind of facility required

may, without much difficulty, be obtained by practice in *fac simile* drawing. We do, however, cordially agree with the author of these notes that etching is not an art in which the half-educated amateur is likely to excel; and he has done well to openly express his opinion on this subject, because so much nonsense has been written on the other side. There are some fine examples of the old masters to be found in the present collection. The admirer of pictorial ideas fresh from the mint of the artist-maker will dwell with fond delight upon Rembrandt's well known Burgomaster Six, and upon the series of little heads such as that of his mother and of his first wife, Saskia; and upon some of the masterpieces of Marc Antonio, Hollar, Karel du Jardin, Adrian von Ostade, and that mighty master of portraiture with the needle, the courtly Sir Anthony Vandyck, besides a host of others. Among the painter-engravers, there are some curious examples of the sublime patience of Albert Durer, the background of whose "St. Anthony" should be compared with the houses in Mr. Seymour Hayden's "Old Chelsea," as examples of fettered and unfettered truth, and, in justice to Mr. Hayden, to illustrate the freedom of the point, when compared with that of the graver, even in the hands of a great and original artist.

THE EXAMINER'S LETTER BOX.

[*We are not responsible for the opinions expressed in the letters which appear in the Examiner's Letter Box.*]

ROAST BEEF AND PLUM PUDDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR: Last year some of your readers were led generously to help us provide nearly 500 Christmas Dinners of roast beef and plum pudding on Boxing Day, at Loddiges Road Hall, for the poorer boys and girls attending the Mission Schools, as well as one hundred orders for parcels of Christmas provisions to as many poor widows living in this district.

This being the seventh year of the Mission Work, I am anxious to assist in providing as usual for at least as many, if not more than before. The dinner this year will be held at Lyme Grove Hall, Mare-street, Hackney, on Thursday, 26th December. All friends are welcome. Donations in aid of this effort are invited, and may be sent to Mr. J. Newman, 117, Cheapside, E.C.; Mr. H. M. Heath, 4, St. Thomas's-road, Hackney, or direct to—Yours &c.,

ATHRO ALFRED KNIGHT.

71, King Edwards-road, Hackney, London, E.

OUR SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

DEAR SIR: Your correspondent "Badger" is strangely wise in his own conceit. Perhaps he would kindly state what he considers to be the meaning of "making up your lee way in play hours." Work for school is prepared and passes the ordeal of "My tutor" before "shewing it up" to the form Master. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," and, notwithstanding "his active employment in Parliament," and his "diligent search through the blue books," he still has much to learn about

ETON.

THE EXAMINER.

THE PROSPECTS OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION

We have lately seen two separate movements made, by two bodies of very opposite character, towards the promotion of what is known as Technical Education. The various Livery Companies who have for the past few years been endeavouring to assume in some sort their ancient position as veritable trade guilds have just formed an organised institution, "The City and Guilds of London Institute," for this object, while the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition have announced their readiness to erect a building also to be devoted to it. The "Institute" has a name and an income of 12,000*l.* per annum. The Commissioners propose to spend 100,000*l.* on their building. There is no lack of funds, but neither party has any very clear idea as to the way in which their funds are to be employed. The Commissioners get out of the difficulty by proposing to hand their building over to the Government, leaving them apparently to find a use for it. The City educationists have shown rather more common sense by setting a committee to investigate and report upon the means to be adopted. The committee sketched out in general terms a scheme of action, and wound up their report by advising that the Institute should definitely constitute itself, and carefully work out the details of the plan. Five of the richer companies had already started the undertaking by a promise of 2,000*l.* a year each. Several smaller ones joined in with lesser contributions, and the committee felt that before they could reckon on much more help they would have to show some practical results. 12,000*l.* per annum is a very respectable endowment for any educational institution to start with, and, though the committee laid down 20,000*l.* as the income required to carry out the whole of their proposed system, they ought to be able to do something creditable with what they have got.

Now, it seems quite certain that the "Institute" is imbued with a genuine desire to do the best it can. In the first place, the members of the City Companies have a very wholesome feeling that they must be on their best behaviour, and that, if they cannot show some useful results from their administration of their property, they are by no means unlikely to be saved the trouble of administering it for the future. They may also fairly be credited with an honest wish to revive the reputation of their ancient guilds, and to obtain for them, under the altered circumstances of modern life, a position corresponding to that which they once occupied as the governing bodies of their respective trades. The report of their committee bears upon the face of it an obvious indecision as to the course they should adopt. Are there any suggestions which can be made to indicate that course? At present the companies have an open field before them. The only attempt that has yet been made in this country to promote technical teaching—instruction, that is, in the special applications of science to the different arts and manufactures—is due to the Society of Arts, which has, for several years, been carrying on a system of technological examinations in connexion with the science examinations of South Kensington. These examinations have not attracted many candidates, chiefly, it would appear, from the want of the special instruction required. For the last two years the

numbers have increased, owing to the offer of payments to teachers on each candidate passed. To make this system completely successful, it would appear needful to provide some means of training up a class of teachers possessed of the special knowledge required. It it were once found that a teacher could make a decent living in any of our seats of industry by holding classes in scientific subjects connected with the special industry of the place, we should soon have a small army of such men engaged in spreading useful information among our artisans. The knowledge thus imparted would possibly be of not the highest standard, but it would be valuable as laying the foundation for learning of a more solid sort. Here, then, is one direction for the work of our Technical Institute.

For our next example, we must go abroad. France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, all possess numerous "Trade Schools," in which actual instruction is given to artisans in their various handicrafts. The great Polytechnic Schools have often been cited as examples of what is wanted here, but those who quote them forget one grand difference between these institutions and the genuine trade schools. The Freiberg Mining School, the Polytechnic Schools of Zurich or Vienna, the French Ecole des Arts et Métiers do not train artisans, but civil and mechanical engineers. It yet remains to be proved that the school training of continental countries turns out better engineers that the practical experience of an English workshop, or that there is any need to borrow foreign models for the improvement of our higher scientific training. The want is felt lower down; it is the English overseer or workman who is worse taught than his foreign competitor, and it is for the workman that improved education is sought. In France, Germany, Austria, and indeed in nearly all the Continental countries, there are schools in which the actual practice of trades is taught to apprentices and young workmen. The most successful and the best known of these are, perhaps, the weaving schools of France and Germany. It is on the model of these that the technical section of the Leeds College of Science has been established by the Clothworkers' Company, an experiment upon which it is yet too early to offer any opinion. Such schools are furnished with experimental workshops in which different handicrafts are taught by actual practice, and the apprentice is thus regularly instructed in matters which, in this country, he has to find out for himself, or to pick up by experience in a workshop. There are few more interesting establishments of this sort than the recently established Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is provided with very extensive workshops of different sorts. The student begins by practising the most elementary manipulative processes. He is given an oblong bar of metal, and instructed how to file it up square and true. According to the squareness and truth of his finished bar he receives marks. As it was rather irreverently put by a well-known English engineer, there is a Professor of Chipping and Filing, another of Screw-Driving; classes are taken in Simple and Compound Planing, while the ablest sawyer receives a prize at the end of the term. The latest reports of the Institute do not mention the social status of the students, but we imagine that the school belongs to the same class as Zurich or Freiberg; it is suited rather for civil and mechanical engineers than for artisans. The foundation of such trade schools might be another object to which the City Institute could direct its attention and its funds.

A third plan might be the establishment of an institution like the "Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers" in Paris. The Conservatoire possesses the finest collection of models relating to every branch of industry and applied science that exists anywhere in the world. It has a most able staff of lecturers, by whom courses of free popular lectures are given all the winter session. Great numbers of persons of all classes attend these lectures, and it appears certain that a large amount of useful information is diffused by their means. The principles on which the Conservatoire is worked are very much the same as those on which our own Gresham College was founded, except that the latter deals with pure, the former with applied science. For the credit of our own country, we do not care to dwell on the contrast offered by the present state of the two institutions. Should our new "Institute" really flourish, it ought to absorb Gresham College, and replace its antiquated ritual by courses of useful instruction, still free to all comers.

There are other not less useful but less attractive methods in which the guilds might spend their money. There are many struggling institutions which only want a little help to become real centres of instruction. Many attempts have been made in London to form technical classes, where carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, masons, or working engineers, might study the different branches of knowledge which are specially applicable to their several trades. Some of these have failed for want of funds. Othere are likely soon to do the same. It has become obvious that artisans earning weekly wages cannot afford to support such classes without aid. Rent, and the purchase of what simple apparatus is required, absorb all available funds, if they suffice even for that, and nothing remains for the teacher. In many parts of the country also there are schools, supported by fees and Government grants, which are hampered for want of a moderate endowment. The foundation of scholarships sufficient to enable deserving students to extend the time of education, instead of being driven too young into the workshop, that they may earn a living, would be a ready way of applying any surplus. These and many other such modest ways of helping on the work will, we hope, not be forgotten in the attempt to attract public notice and gain popular credit.

It is hard to say which of these plans, or of others, would be most likely to succeed. There are so many and such strong objections to the experimental workshop system that, while it would be a very costly experiment, it affords hardly sufficient prospect of success to be a justifiable one. It is remarkable that all the witnesses examined on this point before the Duke of Devonshire's Committee on Scientific Instruction expressed opinions strongly adverse to the system, and many of them spoke from practical experience of foreign schools. The object to be attained is to provide artisans, or as many as choose to avail themselves of the opportunity, with a sound scientific education bearing as far as possible on their ordinary pursuits. This can best be done by providing schools and keeping lads at them as late as their trades allow, and then carrying on in evening classes the education begun at school. To secure efficient instruction in these schools and classes, colleges will be required for training teachers who must be sufficiently good handicraftsmen to secure the respect of handicraft workmen, and sufficiently well educated to instruct them. To these ends we would have the young "Institute" direct its energies, and, if it can succeed in attaining them, its founders will have gone far towards their double object—the glorification of their guilds and the promotion of technical education.

"MALIGNANT" DIPHTHERIA.

The severity of the disease which has plunged the nation in mourning suggests some remarks on our present knowledge of the conditions which confer on diphtheria the "malignancy" it is so prone to assume.

The name "diphtheria," we may observe, cannot be too strongly protested against. It is of modern origin, and was introduced by Bretonneau in 1821. Derived from διφθέρα (*pellis, exuvium*), it involves, and has done more than anything else to perpetuate, the mistaken idea that the disease must always be accompanied by those membranous formations in the throat which have thus come to be generally considered its *sine quâ non*. This error is, unfortunately, propagated by many medical practitioners, and is a most formidable obstacle to the recognition and isolation of mild cases which is so essential. As a matter of fact, the membranous exudation is not peculiar to diphtheria, and may even be produced artificially, nor is it a constant feature of the malady in question, the majority of the slight cases in an epidemic being, indeed, indistinguishable in this respect from other forms of sore throat.

The question which suggests itself is, how does it come to pass that a disease which, in one person, is so trivial, in another becomes so terrible. It must not be supposed that in this respect diphtheria differs from any other zymotic disease. On the contrary, in every epidemic of scarlet fever, for example, cases occur which, were it not for the prevalence of the disease at the time, would pass unrecognised. Measles, commonly regarded with comparative indifference, may under favouring circumstances display a fearful virulence; even whooping cough, when it appeared in France in 1414, is said to have cost the life of every person it attacked. There is evidence to show that the conditions which cause a disease to assume a malignant character may pertain either to some constitutional quality of the individual attacked, or to certain influences to which the element of contagion itself has been subjected. Just as seed sown in the ground germinates and bears fruit in proportion as the constituents of the mould are fitted for its nourishment, so, it would appear, do the germs of these zymotic diseases flourish and increase with an intensity dependent on the suitability of the soil on which they have fallen. Thus, vaccination, we may suppose, so modifies some constituent of the blood that the small-pox germ, if it take root at all, produces only a slight and modified disease. If, however, we submit an unvaccinated person to the contagion of one of these trivial cases, we shall see the malady in its true and horrible virulence. It is easy to understand that, in the example we have just given, the intensity of the infection depends on the individual attacked, but the advance of science has revealed the important fact that, just as a snowball grows in its progress, so in some cases the elements of contagion may augment in their virulence by transmission through successive subjects, and the pathologist is actually able to artificially cultivate an infection which, starting from the mildest type, is, by inoculating one animal from another *seriatim*, made to attain the utmost virulence. It has been suggested that the malignancy of diphtheria from time to time may be thus explained. Setting out from the milder type, the contagion is supposed to acquire in its passage from one victim to another an intensity which at last culminates in the terrible "putrid" form.

This view has some support in the statement that slight attacks are, as a rule, more frequent at the commencement of an epidemic; nor can it, we think, be doubted that, generally speaking, the infection taken from a severe case proves more virulent than from the slighter form of the disease. It is probable, therefore, that the worst type of diphtheria owes its malignancy on the one hand to the predisposition of the individual attacked, and on the other to the augmentation from time to time of the intensity of the virus in its transmission from person to person. As regards the predisposition of the individual, there is good reason to believe that insanitary conditions of all kinds, by directly affecting the constitution and lowering the power of resistance, encourage the severity, not only of diphtheria, but of diseases generally. Indeed, on reading the accounts of the mediæval epidemics, one cannot fail to be convinced that the real cause of their awful mortality was due, as an elegant writer has said, not to grand cosmical conditions, or mysterious waves of an unseen and poisonous air, but to bad food, universal overcrowding, and filth. It is probably the frequent relation of the *fatality* of diphtheria to sanitary defects which has led to the general, but, as we showed in a former article, erroneous belief that the disease is simply an affair of drains.

It is most probable that the contagion of diphtheria is a minute living organism, but, if so, it has not yet been discovered. Minute fungoid organisms are, indeed, to be found in numbers both in the mucus of the throat and in the "membranes," but they do not, in any way that we can discern, differ from similar organisms which are present in the mouth and throat of perfectly healthy individuals, as constant attendants upon the processes of decomposition which are always going on. The exudations, &c., of malignant diphtheria do, however, very rapidly take on putrefaction, in which these low fungi play an active part, and the products of putridity being absorbed into the blood may cause death by blood-poisoning. This is, indeed, rather a secondary and accidental process, than directly dependent on the specific poison of diphtheria. The disease is less contagious than many of the other zymotics; that is to say, there is far less risk in merely entering the patient's room than in the case of small-pox or measles; nor is it often carried by infected clothing. By close proximity or by caresses it may, however, be only too easily contracted. It is contagious from the first, and the infection clings to the patient for a long period; two facts which Carnevale, an old Italian physician, probably had in mind when he penned in Latin verse his excellent advice:—

"*Cede cito, longinquum abi, serusque reverte.*"

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

The Jockey Club seem to have lost their heads since they lost their chief and Nestor, the late Admiral Rous. So long as he swayed the helm at Newmarket, the wisdom of his counsels was apparent in all the doings of the Club. They followed his lead, as a rule, and abided by his sound arbitration upon technical points of racing law. When we consider that the Admiral's training in early years was not a legal one, we can the more admire his sound appreciation of the legal and equitable aspect of every knotty racing point which came before him. His perspicuity on such subjects would have done credit to any leading counsel of the day, and, so long as the Club had the benefit of his guidance, they had the sense to profit by it.

But since his death no new prophet seems to have arisen

who is capable of grasping the legal aspect of a case, or of realising the legal bearing of any projected Turf legislation. The Turf is, with many of its devotees, a pure profession; in any case, thousands depend upon the arbitrament of those who legislate for it, and it is always to be deplored when such legislation is conspicuous for the absence of consistency and of legal construction. Some new laws were passed by the Club, when sitting in conclave at the late Houghton Meeting at Newmarket, and they are a painful example of the want of knowledge to which we refer. The alterations arose thus :— At Carlisle and Stockton meetings, during the past summer, two cases occurred in which horses had been entered in the names of their rightful owners, and against those same owners no allegation could be made that they were in default for stakes, or had in any way been guilty of malpractices on the Turf. But it transpired in each case that these entries had been made by agents, and these agents were in the Forfeit List (*i.e.*, they had owed money for unpaid forfeits for some time past, and their names had been posted in the *Racing Calendar* as defaulters). Now, Rule 30 of the Laws of Racing has laid down that, "So long as the name of a person is in the Unpaid Forfeit List, he cannot subscribe to any sweepstakes, and no horse can be entered by him or under his subscription." On this ground, objections were lodged against the horses referred to after they had won. The Carlisle stewards, with a want of sense which we should hardly have expected among a body of educated men, decided that the entries of these horses were bad under rule 30. The Stockton stewards, feeling a difficulty in the case, remitted it to the stewards of the Jockey Club for decision. We do the latter body justice that in this case they gave a legal decision, and ruled that the default of an agent, in his own affairs, did not affect his agency for one who was not a defaulter. This is patent. *Qui facit per alium facit per se* is a time-honoured maxim. The mistake of the Carlisle stewards was in supposing that an agent acting for another person, and disclosing the name of his principal, could be considered as acting on his own account. However, the stewards of the Jockey Club, having ruled correctly in this instance, seemed to be seized with an idea that, after all, they might have done wrong, and, to prevent any such difficulty from again arising, they brought forward an amendment to rule 30, and added the words, "*whether acting as agent or otherwise*," and also a proviso that, if the defaulter was wholly or part owner of a horse, such horse could not run while his whole or part owner was a defaulter. This last-named proviso is sound, and in accordance with the spirit of racing, but the new clause which forbids a defaulter to act as an agent is abnormal and unnecessary. If it could be shown that a defaulter made a livelihood by acting as agent in such matters, there would be good reason for cutting off his employment in order to put pressure upon him to pay his liabilities. But it is not pretended that he makes a living by such acts. The only person punished by such a piece of legislation is the owner, who is not in default, and who, if he unknowingly asks a defaulter to write a letter, or to send off a telegram for him, is in danger of having his entry disqualified. The principle of the forfeit list is this. If a man owes money for entrances and forfeits for stakes, and does not pay them, he is not allowed to *incur any new liabilities* in fresh forfeits until he has paid his arrears. If he is to be forbidden to do a friendly act of telegraphy or clerkship for any acquaintances because he is a defaulter, then, to be consistent, he should not be allowed to help to tighten a girth, or to hold a racehorse's head while it is being saddled Furthermore, we see no harm in making the position of a defaulter as uncomfortable as possible; but this should be done upon some general principle, and not by whimsical legislation which forbids him to act as amanuensis in making an entry, but which does not forbid him to act as messenger in paying an entry not made by him, nor forbids him to act as light porter. The shrewd mind of Admiral Rous would at once have detected these absurdities and inconsistencies.

The Jockey Club have further extended the penalties against defaulters and those guilty of malpractices on the Turf by forbidding such persons to act as trainers after their names have twice been published as defaulters or evil doers in the *Racing Calendar*, under pain of disqualification of any horse trained by them. This is sound legislation, and to be commended by itself. But here, again, their want of power to grasp the legal analogy of a situation shows itself. While they forbid such persons to train, they do not forbid them to ride. A trainer who is in default thus has his livelihood taken away unless he pays his arrears. A jockey who is in the forfeit list can, under the rules, continue to earn his hundreds and even thousands a year without molestation. All the harm that the forfeit list does him is to prevent him from entering or owning, wholly or partly, any racehorse that runs, so long as he is in default. So long as this want of perspicuity stamps the legislation of the Jockey Club, their decision on knotty points of racing law will be looked upon with great suspicion. They may well begin with some reforms nearer home. The state of Newmarket Heath during the late meeting was a disgrace to any proprietors of a race course, still more so when those proprietors are the legislators of the Turf, from whom a good example should be expected. Thieves and welshers were allowed to congregate in masses on the Heath and to ply their callings with impunity. Robberies from the person took place by the hundred, and no attempt was made to provide an adequate police force for the protection of the respectable portion of the public. Ready money betting by "bag and list men" was also allowed to go on openly at Newmarket within a few yards of where stewards of the Jockey Club were conversing. One of the chief arguments for the passing of Mr. Anderson's Bill for the Licensing of Suburban Race Courses was that the worst characters congregated at such places, and that the measure would not be framed to effect in any way old-established country meetings. But, if any member of Parliament were to propose next session to extend the provisions of the Act to all British race courses, on the plea that only the misconducted meetings could be refused licenses, and that those which did their best to keep bad characters at bay would not be interfered with, what argument could the Jockey Club use against such a measure that would not recoil on their own heads, should the recent state of Newmarket Heath be cited to the House?

It is to be earnestly hoped, for the benefit of the public and their own reputation, that the parliament of the Turf will ere long rouse themselves to a true sense of their responsibilities, and by passing judicious laws, to *which they intend to adhere*, establish themselves in the position which ordinary morality demands. At present they are a laughing stock, and a standing reproach to a great sporting nation like that of England.

ELECTRIC LIGHT REFLECTORS.—Chappuis. Factory. 69. Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

[*In future a certain space will be reserved weekly for articles on the Universities, Colleges, and Educational Subjects generally. Several columns of* "THE LITERARY EXAMINER" *will also be devoted to reviews of Educational and Children's Books, of which a careful selection will be made, since the number published makes it impossible to notice all.*]

LIFE OF SYDNEY DOBELL.

The Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell. Edited by E. J. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Sydney Dobell was one of those unfortunate men of genius whose faculties never attain their full expansion. The cause of this is not a simple one which can be given off-hand, for Dobell offers a very complex problem. He had a calm and strong intellect, operative and successful enough in all business matters, and a plastic and powerful, yet ill-disciplined imagination. His conceptions, if we regard single ideas and images, were sometimes of the finest, and yet his works in the bulk remain fragmentary—broken columns, which, in the hands of a master builder, might have been reared into a magnificent temple. What he lacked was mental *aplomb*. He began life with an ultra-sensitive organisation, and his early thoughts and studies were directed to the subject of religion with an intensity which is to be regretted. He was unable to exercise the power of welding his thought and imagination together, and in this failure ies the secret of his weakness. With a larger base to his brain—more of the vital energy which in such cases as that of Shakespeare was united to the highest intellectual and imaginative gifts—he might have done much, and left a higher name in English literature. Sydney Dobell, with all his wealth of imagination, his power of philosophical speculation, his shrewd perceptions, his practical common sense, and his inductive faculty, just escaped being great; yet he is a man whom we can admire and love. His nature was perfectly noble, childlike, and chivalrous. He took life too seriously—it ate his heart out, as it were. He wanted more of the robustness and intellectual pugnacity of "Christopher North;" more of the ease and self-possession of Professor Aytoun—who, when asked by Thackeray who "Percy Jones" (his own *nom de plume*) was, replied, "He's a — rascal who lives at Ipswich"—and more of that happy selfishness (shall we say) which enables a man to take the world as it comes, and to enjoy all its good things. But Dobell was always thinking, dreaming, aspiring, through every pore of his sensitive being; hence the frail tenement of the body was worn out ere yet his mind had conceived and executed some work which should be a fair representation of its marvellous powers.

Dobell was the son of a London wine merchant, who afterwards removed to Cheltenham. On both sides, his parents and their immediate ancestors appear to have been far beyond the average in intellectual endowments. The future poet had a precocious childhood, and this precocity was unhappily stimulated. What are we to think of an infant who reveals an astonishing understanding at the age of three, has a remarkable power of expressing his ideas at the age of six, and who two years later writes homilies upon the narratives in the New Testament? One trembles for the future of a prodigy who, at the age of seven, keeps a note-book in which he jots down recently acquired knowledge, and scintillations of original thought. Yet at nine comes original poetry, and at ten the devouring of Miss Martineau's books on Political Economy. Dobell's grandfather conceived the idea of founding a new "Church," entirely different from all then flourishing, and professedly after the primitive model—about which there seems to be considerable difference of opinion. It would have been well, perhaps, for Sydney Dobell if his grandfather had kept this "Church" within his own bosom. The young enthusiast took up the idea—as he took up everything—with all the warmth and energy of his generous and sympathetic spirit. There can be no doubt that this constant brooding over religious problems retarded his development in many ways, but fortunately, as his biogropher observes, "the history of his intellectual and mental progress includes the history of gradual emancipation from the restrictions of his youth." His final attitude in the matter of religion was one of a wide and catholic character.

At the age of twelve young Dobell is in the counting-house with his father, doing his work well and efficiently, and at fourteen he is writing a little drama, "Napoleon." Three years further on he is engaged in hot love-work, and at the age of sixteen he is attacking Dr. Priestley's "Institutes" with all the ardour of a practised debater. At eighteen he is "a beautiful orator," his studied speeches being "full of matter, eloquently expressed, and delivered with grace and dignity." At the age of twenty he marries Miss Emily Fordham, a lady of superior intellectual qualifications, and, by way of showing the domestic felicity which attended this union, it may be mentioned that during the thirty years of his married life Sydney Dobell was never separated from his wife for the space of twenty-four hours. Somewhat different this from William Godwin and his wife, who agreed to try the effect of living apart for a period, and of making morning calls upon each other.

Sydney Dobell had one sensible article in his creed, and this was, that literature should never be made a bread-winning profession. In this he was supported by Mr. Carlyle, who has given similar advice to many literary aspirants—though, as Dobell pointed out, he did not carry it into effect himself. We cannot linger over Dobell's interesting correspondence with Dr. Samuel Brown, George Gilfillan, Charlotte Brontë, and others. In 1850 "The Roman" appeared, and its reception was instantaneously favourable. Fine as this work unquestionably was in many aspects, the following criticism of a personal friend upon it contains much point and truth:—"It seemed to want body. It appeared to be sheer spirit, not clothed with corporeal semblance in any degree commensurate with its rich and varied meanings. It looked like a vast intention. The persons wanted human character. The drama was not 'drenched in flesh and blood,' to use a phrase of the second Bacon." In 1853 Dobell was busy with his second important work, "Balder." His own definition of the purpose he had in view in this work is thus given:—"Balder is the abstraction of the natural good, temporarily overcome by circumstances; but the legend goes on to say that in after ages Balder shall return transfigured and glorified to restore and bless the world. I propose to call my present book 'Balder—Part the First;' thus indicating the intention of a second part, in which I hope to develope the idea of the Christian Balder. 'Balder' will be a strong and simple title; and the full-length name of my hero, Balder Sorgivin, signifies 'Balder in the Strife of Sorrow.'" Balder was intended to

be an epitome of the present time—with all its aspirations, its failures, and a constant looking for something nobler. It was succeeded by "Sonnets on the War," published in 1855, and "England in Time of War" in 1856. It is melancholy to reflect that from this time forth—that is, for eighteen years before his death—Dobell produced nothing of an important nature, owing chiefly to frequent periods of physical suffering. To the last, however, his intellect remained bright and unclouded, as his fragmentary remains of thought abundantly prove. From 1862 to 1866 he was engaged in foreign travel. Ill health supervened after his return to England, and in 1874 he died, being then just fifty years of age.

It does not come within the scope of this article to enter into an examination of Dobell's poetry, nor to criticise his views upon art, religion, and politics. Upon these matters we would gladly linger, but space forbids. We must, however, refer to one or two questions which occupy a prominent position in this generally excellent memoir. Mr. Dobell's attitude with regard to the intellectual development of women appears to us a most illogical one. After eulogising "Aurora Leigh," which he justly describes as "poetry such as Shakespeare's sister might have written if he had had a twin," and after saying of Mrs. Browning that she "is as much superior to every other woman who ever wrote, or, probably, ever will write, as Shakespeare was to other men," only two pages further on he observes, "The more I live and study human nature, the more I perceive all feminine literature to be an error and an anomaly." Is "Aurora Leigh" an anomaly? or "Jane Eyre?" or "Adam Bede?" Why should not woman be the intellectual, as she is the physical counterpart of man? Dobell not only considerably modified his religious views as he advanced in life, but also his political sentiments. He began as a pronounced Radical, but, though he continued to take a keen interest in all public questions, he ended a doctrinaire—what we should describe as a philosophical Liberal. He gives the following portrait of Mr. Gladstone, which by many will be considered very happy:—"A man of ambitions so noble, of an honour so candid, a conscience so urgent (a conscience not necessarily morbid, though made to seem so by the faults of its intellectual instruments), a heart so warm towards the public good as almost to justify his friends in supposing that Nature, when lavishing so many virtues, would have emulated in her intellectual gifts the excellence of her moral worth." On a previous occasion he had described Mr. Disraeli as "the most adroit and audacious acrobat that ever turned somersaults at Westminster;" Mr. Gladstone as "a political talkee-talkee, with neither the eye nor the hand for government;" and Mr. Bright as a forcible rather than a powerful man, whose talents were more fitted for the stump than the council room.

The value of these volumes would have been enhanced by a good index to the persons and topics referred to; and it is not pleasant in a work of this kind to find the author of "Sacred and Legendary Art" alluded to more than once as Mrs. Jamieson, or the well known biography by Carlyle referred to as "Carlyle's Stirling." These may be trifling errors in one sense, but they strongly offend the literary eye, as did the recent systematic spelling in a daily newspaper of the late Mr. Lewes's name as Lewis. But to these volumes, as a whole, we can conscientiously give high praise. Dobell's character is set in a clear light, his fine nature and manifold gifts are well brought out and illustrated, and the memorial should not only meet with great favour at the hands of the public, but it should also have the effect of creating a renewed interest in Sydney Dobell's works.

"ARTIFICIAL" VERSE-MAKING.

Songs of a Wayfarer. By F. Wyville Home. London: Pickering.
Fantasy and Passion. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There is a kind of verse which bears the same relation to real poetry that artificial flowers bear to true products of the heath or the wayside. Generally speaking, it may be described as hectic of hue, scentless, hard of form and outline; but, in particular examples, it is simply admirable in its perfection of imitation. It is, perhaps, needless to say that more cunning than genius is required for the production of such verse, and yet, so fascinating is the pursuit, and so ready is the public to take to waxwork of any kind if well done, that at least nine-tenths of all so-called English "poetry" belongs to the artificial category. Since the early dawn of our literature, when, as Denman sings,

> Old Chaucer like the morning star
> To us discovered day from far,

the chief occupation of English poets has been to neglect Nature and to imitate in a kind of literary plaster the quaintest attempts of each other. At times, as in Cowley's period, when the pink balloon of that vapid pedant rose high over the popular head, and was mistaken for the sun (in a fog), the love of artificial poetry amounted to a perfect mania, even more astonishing to sober-minded people than the recent craze for old china and wall paper resplendent in peacocks' tails. So great has been the passion for made-up things and tricks of form, that even Darwin's "Botanic Garden" had readers in its day, and the egregious Della Cruscan poets flaunted for a time. Latterly, there has been a return to Nature, with correspondent advantages, and, since Wordsworth wrote, simplicity and naturalness have been at a premium. But still, the old estimate holds good, and nine-tenths of all the poetry written is produced without any preliminary inspiration. Thus it happens that so much of our rhymed works are dreary reading, and that the Chelsea Diogenes, in his hate of sham and artifice, has again and again cried out for the abolition of rhymed poetry altogether.

We have been led into these reflections by a perusal of two small volumes of verse, one of English, the other of American origin; both full of cleverness, and even brilliance; both much above the average in literary attainment, but neither possessing the fascination of spontaneity. Mr. Wyville Home is a gentleman who has diligently read the poetry of his period, and has acquired, to more or less perfection, its literary terminology. He writes well, even singularly well, but there is no indication that he writes because it was necessary for him to write, or because he has anything very particular to say. The longest poem in his volume is called "Salvestra and Girolomo." The subject is taken from Boccaccio, and it is the same subject treated with far greater force and effect by the late Robert Brough, in "The Tentmaker's Story." Robert Brough took Mr. Browning for his model, and succeeded almost as well as his original might have done. Mr. Home turns with greater sympathy to Keats, but, evidently afraid of using the octosyllabic measure of the "Pot of Basil," he has invented a measure of his own, in which double endings are employed with a great deal of verbal felicity. Here is a stanza:—

> About the hour when roselight loves to dally
> Upon the peaks, while night creeps up the valley,
> Salvestra, sitting at her window-sill,
> Looked down the vale to spy Girolomo
> Returning by the windings of the hill,
> His day's cares ended, from the town below.
> Nightly he came as surely as the swallow
> Sought with the dusk the thatch-eave's downy hollow.

There is, as we have said, much felicity in this measure, but it becomes wearisome from the author's monotonous conception of his theme. The effects of rhythm are often fine, and would be startling if the underlying ideas were stronger and brighter; but on the whole the poem is disappointing, and leaves a testy and irritating sense of Keats misused. Even the last portion, where Girolomo finds out Salvestra's chamber and dies close to her and her sleeping husband, fails to move us as it ought, simply because the inspiration is entirely artificial.

The same feeling of artificiality pursues us throughout the series of lyrics which follows. These poems are chiefly amatory, but their presiding deity is more the pasteboard Cupid of St. Valentine than the divine Eros of pagan or neo-pagan thought. At every page we turn we murmur to ourselves "How clever, yet how false!" And the feeling of cleverness and falseness is predominant to the end. In fact, the *raison d'être* of such poetry is hard to find, unless it be the fact that Mr. Home feels the same pleasure in imitating contemporary products of the artificial school that lesser craftsmen and craftswomen do in imitating models in wax. Yet to accuse him of servile imitation would be unfair; of this he has never been guilty. He simply writes "poetry" without due and fit reason. Should he ever find reason fit and due, he would, doubtless, with his fine gifts, write poetry worthy to be read.

But if Mr. Home is artificial, what shall we say of Mr. Edgar Fawcett? With the cleverness which seems characteristic of innumerable transatlantic singers, Mr. Fawcett "makes" verses in the most marvellous manner conceivable. He has his craft at his fingers' ends, and he can employ it on any subject he chooses; indeed, he has a habit of choosing difficult and seemingly impossible subjects, just to exhibit his technical skill. It is all the same to him whether he addresses "an Old Tea Cup" or "the Evening Star," whether he is surveying "Violets in Winter" or a "Toad" in the garden; nay, if you wish, he can tune you as good a verse as need be on "Fabrics"—either "Velvet," or "Satin," or "Brocade." Now, here is his address to "A Bat:"—

Haphazard reptile that one sees,
  Half bird, half reptile, fluttering through
Those sultry twilights when the trees
  Loom breezeless on the dreamy blue;
Strange blundering mongrel of the air,
At random war with here and there,
  Now wheeling wild and swooping now;
In what mad mood did Nature please
Her sweet, rich harmonies to scare
  With such dark dissonance as thou?
  Shape that unscemliest traits endow,
Grotesque, chimeric, cold, impure,
With Satan's wings in miniature.

Nay, is it that thou lingerest here
  As the last left weak heir of what
Survives from many a wheeling year,
  In shadowy fable trusted not?
Does altered time in thee behold
One waif from horrors manifold,
  Ghoul, griffin, dragon, orph, gnome, sprite,
That living shook the world with fear,
And dying when the earth was old,
  In mockery of their crumbled night
  Foredoomed thy tortuous dismal flight
Where once by terror and dismay
Thine awful ancestry held sway?

It is obvious that only a very long and careful apprenticeship could produce so ready a craftsman, but it is, perhaps, just as obvious that such a craftsman need never wait for an inspiration:—

The Muse nae poet ever fand her
Till by himsel' he learnt to wander
Adown some toddlin' burn's meander,
  And no' think 't lang!

The sort of stimulus which came to Burns in open woods and fields would only perplex your artificial flower-maker in verse. The highest aim of the latter is to marshal his conceits, to show his technical skill. He is certainly an artist; but so is a hairdresser, and so also, as readers of Thackeray know, is a cook.

We do not wish to be unjust to Mr. Fawcett. Many of his poems are particularly beautiful, all are finely and carefully wrought. But while his highest efforts are full of fine "fantasy," he fails in notes of "passion" altogether. This is the more remarkable, because from time to time he touches notes of gusty and stormy sound, and makes us hush our breath in hope of inspiration—which never comes. Still, his ingenuity is extraordinary, his dexterity unique, and he is never commonplace.

More even than poets, poems are born, not made. The present generation abounds in productions of skilled workmanship, but born "poems"—poems which spring almost unbidden from the brains and hearts of their makers—are few and far between. The making of artificial flowers is still a busy trade, and will remain so as long as wax models are to be had, and young persons of talent care to serve an apprenticeship to the pretty craft.

THE ENGLISH ARMY.

The English Army. By Major Arthur Griffiths. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Major Griffiths has endeavoured to supply a much felt want—a description of the British Army, its interior economy, and the varied stages of its development since the days of Charles the First. Had he remained firm to his original intention, the task of the critic would have been like that of Othello's occupation. But, in the endeavour to describe things in a "popular fashion," the author has completely failed in two or more subjects. But of this anon. Although it may be argued that "The English Army" is mere compilation, with occasional interpolations of Major Griffiths's own ideas, it is none the less valuable; and the first four chapters, occupying 110 pages, are replete with information taken from various sources and judiciously strung together. They embrace the origin and growth of the Army, and show its administration and working both civil and military; the blots of "red tape" and circumlocution are not slurred over, and many pertinent suggestions for improvement are therein contained. This brings us to the descriptions of the various arms, commencing with Artillery. With this chapter, as with that devoted to the Engineers, no fault can be found. The gradual growth of each is well described, and the suggestions for their further development cannot fail to be of value. Not so with the chapter on Cavalry. Though agreeing fully with Major Griffiths in all he says on this important branch of the service, it is impossible not to feel that the subject is treated too hurriedly. The old days of cavalry charges are virtually over. To be the eyes and ears of the army, scouting, outpost, vedettes, escort to guns, and, occasionally still, a charge to complete the discomfort of an already demoralised body, are the duties our cavalry are intended to perform. All of these are of far too great import to be touched on lightly

The duties of Artillery and Engineers are more clearly defined, and authorities do not differ so widely as to what they should or should not do; but the future of our cavalry is involved in doubt, and would have borne far more exhaustive treatment and demanded more space than that devoted to it by Major Griffiths. As might be expected, the chapter on Infantry is by far the best in the book. The arguments for and against the adoption of the German system of large companies are fairly worked out, and the grave necessity for independent action and judgment by each unit clearly demonstrated. Especially to the point are some remarks of Sir Garnet Wolseley on the subject of dress. "Our men are dressed for show, for theatrical effect, instead of for work." And all who have had to clean their belts in the field will agree with the following strictures by the same authority:—"If there is a monstrous absurdity, it is the use of pipeclay. Why you should send a man into the field, where he will have to sleep out of doors, exposed to all sorts of weather, dressed up like a scarecrow, with white stuff all over him, that falls off in the first shower of rain, dirtying his boots and his clothes, I cannot understand." Up to this point, with a few exceptions, Major Griffiths' book leaves little to be desired; but, when he comes to the description of the rank and file, the truth of his statement, that he "has never lost touch of the army" (Pref. xi.), may fairly be questioned. He commences to describe the English soldier "in a popular way (!)" by the following remarks:—"The Englishman . . . is not easily roused to enthusiasm, addresses declamatory or inspiriting do not appeal irresistibly to him. . . . He is not very ready to shift for himself, not quick witted and fertile in resource. . . . Grows discontented and grumbles to his heart's content." Where Major Griffiths found these charming attributes it would be hard to say. Presumably, before penning the lines, he must have been keeping up his "touch" by inspecting a squad of defaulters. A more unreal and unfair description of the private soldier could not be found. No doubt, he grumbles; he has considered it his privilege from time immemorial; but it is untrue that he is not ready to shift for himself *if necessary*, or that he grows discontented. On the subject of Recruiting the author is again in smooth water, and the suggestion that we should utilise elementary schools as the nursery of our army is excellent. Treating of Discipline, there are many remarks which it is impossible to endorse. With reference to punishment battalions, the argument adduced against their formaton is a very secondary one. "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*" is one reason against them, but there is a far stronger, *viz:*—who are to officer the discipline corps? The compromise Major Griffiths proposes is merely an increase of convict establishments under another name. More astonishing still is the proposal that the soldier should be at liberty to take the shilling, bounty, &c., and then leave the service without any penalty or even notice whenever he feels so disposed. "If the State feels itself at liberty to terminate the contract with the soldier . . . the soldier on his side . . should be equally at liberty to take himself off. . . . Some day, perhaps, this will be acknowledged as the only fair and righteous principle of procedure, and with its adoption desertion also will disappear." Truly, a novel method of teaching the "discontented" soldier to "shift for himself."

The remarks on the reserves and auxiliaries are decidedly good. Without sharing the views of General Collinson as to the practicability of an invasion, there is little doubt that our coast defences require immediate consideration; and that the depôts of stores, arms, and ammunition, should be multiplied and more widely dispersed, few will gainsay. By publishing "The English Army," Major Griffiths has given to those interested in military subjects a book they can read, and what is more, understand. Facts put into plain English, backed by high authorities, must always be acceptable, and these elements of success are here conspicuous. As we have before hinted, had Major Griffiths spared us some of the descriptions of "men and manners," there would have been no fault to find. By attempting "popular" portraits he has, in our opinion, marred an otherwise interesting and valuable book.

GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

Excelsior (George Routledge and Sons) is a reprint of Longfellow's little poem, on thick paper, and lavishly adorned with illustrations. If the latter really show us correct portraits of the young lady who wished the hero to "rest his weary head upon this breast," we are hardly surprised at his having preferred the glacier. Mr. Waud's mountain scenery is much better.

Switzerland. Described by Woldemar Raden (Bickers and Son). This large and handsome volume is illustrated by a number of well-known German artists, and we shall hardly be wrong in supposing that the author is also a foreigner. We are taken over the greater part of Switzerland—from Constance to Geneva, and from the Vallais to Lucerne. The text was, we think, evidently written for the numerous illustrations. Some of those representing mountain and lake scenery are excellent, while the drawing of the figure is very poor throughout, and even in the landscapes, which are otherwise good, the foregrounds are desperately weak. We seem to recognise some of the plates of animals as having appeared in "Brehm's Thierleben;" and, bearing the stamp of so high an authority, they are, of course, faithful and lifelike. It would hardly be fair to make such sweeping assertions without substantiating them; we refer our readers, therefore, to page 52 as an example of the very best, and to page 119 as one of the very worst in the book. The latter would be almost unworthy of a penny illustrated paper, while the former is a work of art. On the whole, "Switzerland" will be a welcome gift to people who want a handsome and interesting book for their drawing-room table.

The Doré Gift Book (F. Moxon and Co.) consists of thirty-seven steel engravings of Gustave Doré's illustrations to "Idyls of the King," interleaved with a reprint of the short passages to which they refer. We have never considered all these illustrations to be specimens of the great French master at his best; they vary immensely. Nothing could be more weird and impressive than the drawing of the "Sea Fight," in which every one of the crowd of combatants appears instinct with the life and terror of the fray. But, only a few pages further on, we have the mawkish Cloister scene, and the still weaker and more sentimental scene on the terrace. The child's face in the latter conveys no notion whatever of the "innocent talk" described by the poet; it rather impresses one with the idea of a sickly convalescent fidgetting her nurse with tiresome questions. These comparative failures are only failures because we know that Doré is capable of great things. For a minor artist they would be masterpieces; and, as a whole, the book is a splendid and interesting monument of the co-operation of two great men.

Messrs. Routledge and Co. have adopted the ingenious plan of publishing the works of Grimm and of Longfellow, each in a series of nine small volumes, contained in a pretty cloth case. Chistmas gift books are generally too large for

use, and it is difficult to compress the works of a popular author into one volume without reducing the type and the quality of the paper. The plan of the presentation books now before us is not new, but it is so eminently practical that it should be extended. Grimm is well translated and illustrated in a manner which will please children; the volumes of Longfellow are smaller, extremely well printed, and not disfigured by any woodcuts whatever. All children will be delighted with the former, and all admirers of the American poet with the latter.

Of the many imitations of Defoe's wonderful romance, *The Black Crusoe*, by F. Séguin (Marcus Ward and Co.), is by no means the worst, although it is little known in England. The French author, whose epigrammatic prose is fairly rendered into English by an anonymous translator, has, in the first part, followed the general outline of the original story, introducing, however, a number of new episodes, and concluding his work in a more modern manner. The illustrations are excellent; they are the work of several foreign artists, and are engraved by M. Meaulle.

At Anchor: a Narrative of Experiences Afloat and Ashore during the Voyage of the Challenger (Marcus Ward and Co.), by James Wild.—To persons who have not the patience nor the inclination to work through the scientific books telling us of the cruise of the *Challenger*, this handsome volume will be most welcome. Although its form is that of a Christmas gift-book, its contents make good a claim to higher rank, and we propose to return to Mr. Wild's beautiful sketches and interesting pages at some future time.

Caledonia (William P. Nimmo) contains selected descriptive poems from Scott, Burns, and Ramsay, well illustrated by Mr. John MacWhirter. It is a handsome volume, which cannot fail to rouse pleasant memories, not in Scotsmen only, but in all who have gone North with gun, rod, or tourist's knapsack.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have republished, in well-bound volumes, *The Magazine of Art* and the *Family Magazine*. The latter contains an immense quantity of matter, covers an unlimited area, tells us how to knit a sock, how to make a torpedo, what songs to sing, and how to eat and live. It is full of amusing tales and carefully compiled statistics. The former is very unequal, but contains some excellent engravings from modern pictures.

NEW MUSIC.

(From Stanley, Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond-street.)

"Five Pictures on a Journey," for the pianoforte, Op. 3. By Francis Davenport.—These little pieces are ambitious in style, but lack interest; and an attempt at profundity is futile, because of the absence of apparent meaning. Mr. Davenport's journey must have presented very little variety or charm; but, of the five pictures, No. IV. was by far the most suggestive of a melodious idea.

"Barcarolle," for the pianoforte, by Alexander Rowland.—The first subject is rather pleasing, and worked out with care, and, if the second part were at all original, the piece would be even more acceptable than it is.

"Eight Songs for Three Female Voices." By Ferdinand Hiller. Op. 176. English translation by Julia Goddard.—This form of vocal composition is not frequently met with, and singers to whom they will prove serviceable will find Dr. Hiller's songs as graceful, melodious, and musicianly as might be expected from so distinguished a composer.

"O Hush, thee, my Babie," lullaby, written by Sir W. Scott; "Kein Feuer, keine Kohle," duet; music by Georg Henschel.—The lullaby is pretty and taking, and the duet, for contralto and baritone, is extremely effective, both being in the musicianly style characteristic of all Herr Henschel writes.

"It is not always May," vocal duet, words by Longfellow, music by Carl Hause.—A melodious setting of charming lines, in which the two parts run in thirds almost throughout.

"Only a Broken Dolly," words by Somerville Gibney, music by Myles B. Foster.—A pretty ballad for high mezzo soprano. The words are less trivial and more sentimental than the title would indicate. Mr. Foster's music is rather above the average.

"Sleep, Darling, Sleep." Slumber Song. By J. Schönbach.—There is every probability that this song, rendered in a drawing-room, would have the precise effect on its hearers that the title suggests.

"Ah! Sheelah thou'rt my Darling," words by Tannahill, music by M. L. Gordon.—A not very original ballad, but somewhat spirited and melodious.

"If in a Year" and "Autumn Leaves." Songs, words and music by Eliza P. Freake.—A couple of pleasing, well-written ballads, with rather more merit than such amateur productions generally possess.

"Slumber Song." Words and music by Charles C. Bethune.—The words are pretty, but the song is tedious, and has too much sameness. The accompaniment is by no means suggestive of a "Schlummerlied," and Mr. Bethune's modulations are too constant to produce a good effect.

(Weekes and Co., 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, W.)

"Concerto for Pianoforte," by John Christian Bach, arranged by Haydn. New Edition, edited by Edmund H. Turpin.—There is a great deal more of Haydn than "Bach of London" about this so-called concerto, said to have been composed about 1770, and published twenty years after. It is quite easy enough for a classical beginner, and as such may be found useful, but for a player to whom the name of Bach is attractive it would possess little or no interest.

"Boutade pour piano," par F. Arscott.—A not ineffective imitation of old-style composition that may be found serviceable for teaching purposes.

"The Angelus," song, written by J. F. Waller, LL.D., composed by Berthold Tours.—The serene, flowing melody of this graceful song pleases us very much, and it should find favour with contralto or mezzo-soprano vocalists.

"The Brigade will advance," words by Miss Nelson Bronte, music by Sir Henry Bishop.—Passing events have probably suggested a republication of this "Hymn dedicated to the Heroes of Balaclava," and it is not unlikely that Sir Henry Bishop's stirring tune may create the expected demand.

"There sits a bird on yonder tree," song, words from the "Ingoldsby Legends," music by A. C. Mackenzie, Op. 18, No. 2.—A musicianly ballad, with plenty of rich and rather original melody. The words are excellent, as their source might indicate; and Mr. Mackenzie has, with considerable taste and skill, found suitable musical expression for them.

Compositions (published separately) for organ: "Fantasia" in F, by A. Hemstock; "Melody" in F, by John Hodgson; Three Select Pieces, arranged by Geo. W. Marple.—To organ players these publications will be welcome, as they are interesting, effectively written, and carefully marked.

Original Voluntaries, composed and edited by Nicholas Heins. Book 2.—These are intended for small organ or harmonium, and are as deserving of commendation as the above compositions for the larger instrument.

(Goddard and Co., 4, Argyll-place, W.)

"The Three Roses," song, words by A. A. Proctor, composed by Henri Logé.—This charming song, which is dedicated to Miss Elizabeth Thompson, has the merits of grace and tunefulness to recommend it. It is well adapted for a drawing room vocalist who could sing it with taste and expression, for it strikes us as being extremely pleasing and well within the compass of an ordinary voice.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Cecil Crofton's Repentance. By Vere Grey. (Chapman and Hall.)—Although it may be sad to have to confess to so much ignorance, we feel bound to say that the name of Vere Grey is not one familiar to us. We are still further sorry, nay, even grieved to confess that we do not think that the novel of "Cecil Crofton's Repentance" would be likely to add to the glory of an author of established reputation, and that it would be much less likely to secure the fame of any aspirant to literary honours. There are nowadays two classes of novels which are always more or less deficient in true interest; and these are the sensationally improper, and the dully respectable. The author of "Cecil's Crofton's Repentance" has chosen to throw in his lot with the novelists whose works are of the latter order. The heroine of the story, Cecil Crofton, is easily distinguishable as one of Miss Rhoda Broughton's types of womanhood, only so toned down as not to offend the most straight-laced patron of the circulating libraries. Of course, the fair Cecil hunts. Of course, she is impertinent to her father, and, of course, she is sweetly wilful and fascinating, or she would not have the least chance of exciting the interest of the modern novel reader. Yet we must acknowledge that the author refrains from allowing his heroine to indulge in any torrents of slang, in assignations, or even confessions of love of an almost Swinburnian order. In fact, Vere Grey has kept strictly on the respectable side, and has, therefore, earned a certain amount of commendation. As to the real literary merit of the work, a feeling of good-natured charity compels us to be silent. To indulge in a paradox, the only thing striking in "Cecil Crofton's Repentence" is its mediocrity. It is very respectable; but it is at the same time unusually dull. Yet we presume that such novels must find a considerable number of readers, or publishers of the best repute would not venture to bring them before the public. To the publishers of "Cecil Crofton's Repentance" unqualified praise is due for the way they have brought it out. The book is well printed on excellent paper, and tastefully bound.

Stirring Times; or, Records from Jerusalem Consular Chronicles of 1853 *to* 1856. By the late James Finn, Her Majesty's Consul for Jerusalem and Palestine from 1845 to 1863. Edited and compiled by his widow, with a Preface by the Viscountess Strangford. In two volumes. (London: Kegan Paul and Co.)—To the middle-aged man, the tale told in these volumes sounds like the echo of a noisy dream. To us of this generation the Crimean days seem now very far off. The battles were fought, the cities besieged, and but little else now remains to remind us that so many brave souls died for England. Another Russo-Turkish war has been fought, and the old issues are still undecided, when Mrs. Finn disinters from the Consular archives these charming reminiscences of life in the Holy Land, when the fight between Russia and the Allies was still in progress, and the Europeans in Palestine hovered between the fear of an invasion from without and an insurrection from within. Of course, much that a few years earlier would have been contributions to history are now twice told tales. Yet the volumes, although diffuse, and with many of the faults of posthumous works edited by admiring relations, contain a vast amount of exceedingly interesting, and, in some cases, really valuable material for the future historian of the Crimean struggle. They also comprise some amusing accounts of that *imperium in imperio*, the European Consulates in Jerusalem, the jealousies of the rival powers represented, the struggles for precedence, and the never ending little tempests in the Jerusalem teapot. Mr. Finn has the old story to relate of incompetent pashas who bribed the Stamboul magnates into presenting them to an office out of which their sole aim was to make as much as possible, of frequent oppressions, and occasional cruelties. Yet we fail to find any data in support of the oft-repeated assertion that the inhabitants of Palestine are, as a body, persecuted by the Moslems. On the contrary, the Jews enjoy a very fair modicum of liberty, political and religious. They are, to some extent, self-governed, and among other privileges enjoy the right of coining a kind of money, consisting of brass foil stamped with the Hebrew words signifying "visiting the sick." This practice seems to have originated in adopting a fictitious currency, on temporary occasions, as a means of almsgiving, in anticipation of real money coming to hand. In the Jewish bazaar these pieces are current for all purposes of trade, and are sometimes accepted and passed among inhabitants of the city as paras, though inferior even to that small coin. The Turks disapprove of the practice, and now and then take the trouble to prohibit it. To recall this flimsy coinage would, however, be difficult; so the practice still continues. Liberality of feeling even to Christians is on the increase among the Moslems. "Reehheet el Toom, reehhet wadhdeh," *i.e.*, "the smell of garlic is all one" is the Arabic proverb often quoted by them to express their contempt of all non-Mohammedan sects alike. Yet, when the Kadai of Nabloor—a very fanatical town—visited the Consul, he used to repeat the "Lord's Prayer;" and during a scarcity of rain the Pasha invited the Jews to go and pray for it in the Haram or Sanctuary, never previously opened to them. This request they declined, but, instead, presented their petitions at the tomb of David. The Pasha afterwards attended service in the English church, and, as the rain arrived within a few hours, not only was it believed that by this otherwise infidel-flavoured deed good was accomplished, but the act absolutely conduced to a greater kindliness of feeling to their fellow subjects on the part of the Mahommedans. It is impossible to touch on all the topics which Mr. Finn discusses. Antiquities, social life, Bedouin politics, history, and topography, all receive some attention, and on all of them he has something useful and trustworthy to say. The book might, no doubt, have been, with great advantage both to itself and to the reader, only half the size. But we are not inclined, in the circumstances, to bear too hardly on this venial offence in volumes so interesting, and, take them as a whole, so valuable. The thoughtful reader will close them with regret—a regret all the greater that they must be the last he can ever receive from the same laborious student of the Holy Land.

The rendering of *Norse Legends* (Remington and Co.) into English verse has become so closely associated with the name of Mr. William Morris, that he must be a bold man indeed who would venture into the same field. Mr. Montgomerie Ranking has not chosen an attractive subject for his poem; nevertheless, it is dramatically treated, and, though his verse never rises to great power or pathos, it is picturesque and flowing. Here and there, however, it is disfigured by mannerisms, and, once

in possession of a suitable adjective, he well-nigh works it to death. He has also taken one or two liberties with the English language which are hardly admissible, such, for instance, as he "*he wox*" instead of "*he waxed.*" On the whole, however, *Bjorn and Bera* may take its place among the verse of the day.

Through a Needle's Eye. By Hesba Stretton. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—"Through a Needle's Eye" is a life study made from the standpoint of the character of the man Justin Herford; and, though we follow him through good and evil fortune with breathless interest, it is not the exciting circumstances in which he is placed which enthral us, but Justin's strong eager personality which burns through these circumstances with human intensity and heat. It is the vivid and intimate impression made on us by Justin Herford, and the forcible manner in which is portrayed the moral struggle of a nature which is just and manly, rather than heroic, to obey a higher standard than its own, or else sink irrevocably beneath its own standard for ever, in which the true power of the work lies. Justin Herford is the stepson of a wild and violent old country gentleman, whose own son has taken to bad courses, and left his home in disgrace. Old Richard Herford has cursed his son, and made Justin his heir, but on his deathbed his heart relents. He appeals to Justin himself upon the question, and Justin honourably bids him forgive his son, and reinstate him. He fully believes this has been done; the old man bids his wife burn a paper he gives her, and Justin knows that it is the will in his favour. It turns out, however, that old Richard Herford has made a mistake; he has told his wife to burn the wrong will, and the one left after his death is in Justin's favour. Then comes the question whether Justin is or is not bound to renounce the property. He knows that his younger brother is a reckless spendthrift, that his mother will be left entirely at this spendthrift's mercy. What is more, he does not know whether the runaway is alive or dead. Justin, then, does what a hero of romance would, of course, be incapable of doing, but what we believe most practical, unsentimental, and perfectly honest men would have done; he enters into possession of the fine property legally left him, and turns it to good account. Nor is he troubled with remorse until, after ten years, his spendthrift half-brother returns. Then the secret conflict with himself begins; expediency, not only for himself, but for his mother, his child, and the tenants under him, points one way, but duty clearly points the other; and (this is the true strength of the position) Justin is no hero or saint, he prizes worldly advantages, and he idolises his child. We are not sure up to the very moment of victory that we are not going to mourn over a brave soul's defeat. The reader must discover for himself the consequences to Justin and others of his uprightness. We must also mention as striking and beautiful studies the characters of old Tape, the Methodist preacher, with his simple poetic parables from nature delivered to rough fishermen in the old lighthouse, and of Mr. Cunliffe, the unworldly, hardworking clergyman; Mrs. Cunliffe, with her ladylike meanness, and old Mrs. Herford, with her comfortable complainings, are also most clever sketches.

STRAY LEAVES.

To collectors of pottery it may not be uninteresting to hear that our English Minton, and Villeroy and Bach from Paris, have sent a number of specimens of their art to the Annual Christmas Bazaars at Berlin, which, even in the opinion of German judges, far eclipse anything which has been attempted beyond the Rhine. It is alleged that the once celebrated Berlin china manufactory, which is supported by the State, no longer sets an example of progress in design and manipulation, but works on strict commercial principles only, seeking to increase its sales at the expense of the quality of its wares. Sèvres, on the contrary, is carefully kept up, not only as a trading concern, but as a school of fine art in porcelain. The majolicas in relief were particularly admired, and commanded a rapid sale.

We hear that Messrs. Nisbet and Co. are about to issue a journal called the *Catholic Presbyterian*. The object of the paper is to unite the leading men of the various Presbyterian Churches, British, American, Continental, and Colonial. In the first number, Professor W. J. Blackie, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Fleming Stevenson, of Dublin, will represent Great Britain and Ireland; Professors Schaaf and Morris and Dr. Stewart Robinson, America; and Dr. de Pressensé and M. Reveilland, the Continent. The last-named gentleman is the author of the celebrated work, "La Question Religieuse et la Solution Protestante." A paper of the late Dr. Livingstone's will be included in the first issue, the subject being a satire of those who consider that a missionary's life is a sacrifice.

It has been known for some time that Dr. Carpenter contemplated resigning the Registrarship of the University of London, and a notice has now appeared in the daily papers inviting candidates for the vacant post. It is, however, pretty certain that Dr. Carpenter's successor will be Mr. Milman (a son of the late Dean of St. Paul's), who has been for the last few years Assistant-Registrar. It is a matter for regret that it should be found impossible to select a registrar from among the graduates of the University itself. There are few posts open to London men at their Alma Mater, and though, no doubt, Mr. Milman possesses every qualification for the office, yet Oxford has its full share of paid posts, without being under the necessity of depriving London of one of the very few it has to dispose of.

The Russian Government is promoting the formation of a scientific association, to bear the name of the "Imperial Asiatic Society." In connection with the project a museum will be established at St. Petersburg, and branch associations at Moscow, Tashkend, and Vladivostock. The most eminent Turkestan officials and Russian Orientalists are receiving invitations to join the Society.

The next meeting of the Scientific Congress of France will take place at Vienne (Department of Isère), on the 1st of September, 1879. Vienne is a city possessing a rich collection of historical documents; but the public may be unaware that the soil teems with antiquities. A few strokes of the pick have often produced mosaics, statues, medals, sections of columns, and inscriptions, which are subjects of the greatest admiration and interest for *savants*, artists, and archæologists. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand why, in spite of this little town having lost its former splendour, the Congress have selected it as the scene of their future labour.

The *Moscow University Press* announces the following works as the favourite novels of the season in Russia:—"The Way We Live Now" and "Lady Anne," by Anthony Trollope; "Man and Wife," "The New Magdalen," and "Poor Miss Finch," by Wilkie Collins; "To the Bitter End," by Miss Braddon; and "My Mother and I," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The price of the translations varies from 75 copecks (eighteenpence) to three roubles (six shillings) each.

The well-known publishers at Leipsic, Messrs. Brockhaus, have just issued a translation of "How I Found Livingstone," by H. M. Stanley.

English novelists—that is to say, the few of them whose works have a marketable value—are complaining of the state of the American market, which renders the fees they were accustomed to receive for "advance sheets" no longer attainable. When English novels were sold for a dollar, and when there was honour among—publishers, "advance sheets" had a definite value. Now, however, the principal three volume novels are very speedily reproduced in America and sold for fifteen cents.; and the expenses of paper, ink, and "composing," leave no margin for the person who has had no more to do with the novel than simply writing it.

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The Oxford University Press has just issued in various sizes a facsimile series of Bibles for teachers, which are perfect examples of what a teacher's book should be. The various editions are printed on thin but opaque paper, and contain, in addition to the authorised text, exhaustive scholia on every subject connected with Biblical literature. The geology, the flora and fauna, the music and musical instruments of the sacred volumes are tabulated, and in so complete a manner that the student has at hand a complete encyclopedia of information. The edition in small quarto is printed on specially prepared paper with wide margins and blank leaves for manuscript notes, thus providing for every want of student and teacher.

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"Shadows of the Coming Truth, a Consideration of the Broad Aspects of Religion viewed in Connection with the Doctrines of Development," is the title of a new work, which will be published immediately, by Elliot Stock, bearing on the great questions relating to Science and Religion which are now engaging the attention of intelligent readers on these subjects.

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The Christmas number of *Vanity Fair* contains a life-like portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and a series of articles written by the "titled aristocracy," most of which are infinitely amusing from the naïve manner in which the noble authors have endeavoured to place their ideas before the public. *De gustibus non est disputandum*; but English grammars are not so very few and far between, and their perusal would have made a vast improvement in many of the aforesaid effusions. The story by Bret Harte and the Political summary stand out in bold and pleasing relief.

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A new piece will shortly be produced at the Odéon, called "La Perruque Merveilleuse." The chief parts will be sustained by MM. Clerb, Valbel, Kéraval, and Boudier, and by Mmes. Sisot and Kolb. The name of the author is kept a profound secret.

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Madame Patti has concluded a triumphal series of performances at the Berlin opera with a no less successful concert, which was given for the benefit of the manager, Bial. Dr. Löwenstein composed a prologue *in Gloriam Adelinae*, and among the performers were Signor Nicolini, the Court pianist, Bach, and the harpist, Posse. The audience was rather disappointed that the heroine of the evening did not appear fully adorned with her wonderful diamonds. She confined herself to a single necklet of immense stones.

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We understand that the whole of the 12,000*l.* required to induce the *Comédie Francaise* to perform at the Gaiety Theatre has been subscribed.

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We are in a position to state that half the number of subscribers (600) to the Orchestral Concerts to be given in St. James's Hall next May, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, of Vienna, have already been secured, and the promoters are sanguine of completing the requisite 1,200. Herr Hermann Franke, who is making the arrangements, will engage the finest English orchestra possible; but it should be understood that the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra will be unable to come over. Previous announcements are somewhat misleading in this respect. Herr Hans Richter is one of the ablest conductors in Europe. But it is matter of regret that we are not to hear his fine band, the perfection of whose playing has been acquired only by years of training and invariably performing together.

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The late T. W. Robertson's best comedy, "Caste," will, in all probability, be revived at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on the 11th of next month.

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There is a chance that Madame Dolaro, one of the very small number of lyric vocalists who can sing and act with spirit and humour, may soon direct a theatre of her own.

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A majority of the rate payers of Whitechapel has, we regret to say, rejected the proposal for establishing Free Libraries. We can hardly be surprised at this result, but hope that private generosity will supply the want for which the means are not to be obtained by taxation.

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Foreigners are extremely fond of reproaching us with not being an artistic nation. They come here, eat our dinners, go to the Academy and the National Gallery, listen to a few second-class concerts, and then return home and abuse our pictures and our music. Germans are particularly given to this class of criticism. Now, if the progress of a nation in Art is to be judged, not by a few productions of extraordinary genius, as in great paintings or statues, but by the artistic feeling displayed even in homely objects, England ranks far higher than Germany. The examples of modern German pottery are almost invariably uglier and more clumsy than ours. The German furniture is simply hideous; English taste has, within the last few years, largely improved our own manufactures. Christmas cards are another example. Those produced at Berlin and Dresden are the crudest possible exhibitions of wretched design, bad execution, and glaring colours. De la Rue and Co.'s in London are artistically almost perfect, though the boldness with which the nude is treated will probably prevent their obtaining the general approval which the designs themselves deserve. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have introduced quotations from our most eminent poets in lieu of the original but common-place verses which frequently disfigure the pretty pictures of Christmas cards. Their new series is artistically good, and morally beyond criticism. That the public buys these and other pretty trifles of the season should be sufficient to relieve us from the reproach of being an unæsthetic nation.

DEATH.

On the 15th December, at Hadlow Park, Kent, Sir William Yardley, late Chief Justice of Bombay, aged 68.

The EDITOR *cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.*

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